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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

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Original Poetry.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY A. W. WATTERS.

I.

'Neath a mound where meek-eyed daises
In their artless beauty bloom—
Where the regal damask roses
Breathe around their sweet perfume,
Early dying,
He is lying
In the graveyard's solemn gloom.

II.

When the genial Summer zephyrs
Gently murmur in the trees,
And the shimmer and the glimmer
Of the twilight gilds the leaves,
Forth I wander,
Here to ponder,
On the solemn Sabbath eves.

III.

Here I murmur thanks to Heaven
For the *merry* God hath shown;
When He called my gentle brother
To His joyous, starry home!
From this weary,
Dark and dreary
Place where sin's fell legions roam.

IV.

All the dead are not in graveyards,
Lying under grassy mounds,
Where the cypress and the willow
Stand like mourners weeping round;
Lying lowly—
Hushed and holy—
In the church's hallowed ground.

V.

When the demons, Hate and Envy,
And Deceit most rank and fell,
Blast the Hopes that sweetly blossom
In the heart's most secret cell,
This is heart-death,
Though the life-breath
In the *body* still may dwell.

VI

Genial Schoolmate! Gentle Brother!
When my trembling soul shall rest
On the mystic, awful threshold
Of the mansions of the blest,
Will you meet me—
Early greet me,—
Fold me to thy sinless breast?

WAR.

I.

Hark to the sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the East that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,—
Well, if the newspapers make it pay.
Write, write, Editors write,
Make all you can, now, out of the fight,—
Write, write, Editors write.

II.

Be not deaf while Mammon warns,
Be not gulled by Religion's plea,—
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should an Editor Christian be?
Write, write, Editors write,
Make all you can, now, out of the fight,—
Write, write, Editors write.

III.

Let your reforms for a moment go,
Look to your pens, and your pockets fill,
Better a dirty city or so,
Than an idle press or an empty till.
Write, write, Editors write,
Make all you can, now, out of the fight,—
Write, write, Editors write.

IV.

Write, be ready to write or die,
Write such horrors as never were seen;
Sure in the people you have an ally,
And the printer's devil knows what you mean.
Write, write, Editors write,
Make all you can, now, out of the fight,—
Write, write, Editors write.

H. C., JR.

New York, June 11th, 1859.

PEACE AND WAR.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

On fair Sardinia's fields and streams,
The tender Spring-light lay,
The tranquil earth was bathed in beams
Soft as the sunlight of our dreams,—
This was but yesterday.

The tinkling bells of grazing herds,
The bleat of goats, the song of birds,
The herdsman's carol gay,
Rose like a sweet spontaneous psalm
Toward the blue heaven so pure and calm—
This was but yesterday.

On Lake Maggiore's breast of light
The fisher spread his wings of white
To seek his shining prey;
In olive-grove and vineyard fine
The peasant pruned the tree and vine—
This was but yesterday.

God seemed to smile on all the land,
Its fairy vales, its mountains grand,
Its people bold and gay;
Peace arched the clouds with shining bow,
Peace beautified the earth below—
This was but yesterday.

To-day the mad Briareus, War,
Storms through those scenes on flaming car—
The peasants, where are they?
Through grove and vineyard sweep the guns,
And from the Press of Slaughter runs
The Wine of Life, to-day.

The herdsman's hut, the trim chateau—
What marks their sites?—A lurid glow,
Or jet of fiery spray;
And ah! in place of tinkling bells,
The air is rent with furious yells
And hissing shot, to-day.

The olive-groves are falling fast
Before the salvo's deadly brast—
Fit victims of the fray;
For oh! what should the *olive* do,
When Peace, for whom its branches grew,
Is crucified, to-day.

Now may God clothe with wondrous might
The sworded battle-arm of *Right*—
So must each freeman pray—
And give to every volley, aim,
To every sword an edge of flame,
To every host of Austria shame,
For Italy, to-day!

MEPHISTOPHELES TO FAUST.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

So you think you must love: it's a common disease,—
But the sea that you sail on is not very rough;
And, though rather absurd to be prone on your knees,
If a man *likes* to be there, it's easy enough!

She is beautiful—yes, all the better for you!
She is good—but her goodness won't last her forever!
So take her, my friend: thank the Devil you do:
And, of course, love her truly—or make the endeavor!

If you think her an angel, say just what you think,—
For she isn't the person to give you the lie!
In the honey of nonsense, it's easy to drink
To the rose on her lip, and the light in her eye!

If she says that she loves you, believe her, of course:
She's a saintly young person—she wouldn't deceive:—
But it will not avail if I talk myself hoarse;
So I say in one word, my disciple, *believe!*

So take her, and love her—at least, till you're tired!
(Which will happen a great while before you suppose.)
For those eyes and those lips—well they may be desired—
And her nose,—my good fellow, it's only a nose!

Young lovers are faithful, I know, for a while;
And they deem themselves happy, with Hope for a star;
But I look on and think, with a grim sort of smile,
How seldom the little fools know where they are!

You are older than most, my dear doctor; but then,
If you must be a fool, here's an excellent chance:
So join in the chase, and like all other men,
Sing the old song of love, and trip through the old dance!

But with this little odds: that, whereas with the rest,
I favor all mischief, as most in my way,
I shall show you the path that is safest and best,
And you'll, finally, both have the Devil to pay!

VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Thursday, June 2d, 1859.

President Buchanan and Secretary Thompson reached this place safely, yesterday, at 1 P. M. The President's progress through North Carolina has been marked with manifestations of the highest respect. At Raleigh, ten military companies met to do him proper honor. At Chapel Hill, a long line of students, citizens, and visitors was in place to receive him, and the President of the University welcomed him in the presence of the Trustees and Faculty. Gov. Swain alluded to the connection between North Carolina and Pennsylvania, in that both were settled by the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who in matters of Education and Religion were amongst the foremost of the colonists of this country, to which noble race he was glad to attribute the President himself, in that the Regulators of North Carolina, the pioneers in the [illegible] comfort from Pennsylvania, and in that when President Polk visited the University with Mr. Secretary Mason, in 1847, Mr Buchanan was Secretary of State. So that the present was even a more grateful visit than President Polk's, because less obligatory.

In reply, the President adverted to the high character for honesty and sobriety and strict adherence to constitutional liberty ever shown by North Carolina, to the eminent reputation held by the University for many years, and to its great influence in the country, and then expressed his hearty wish that the steady adherence to the Union which had always marked its graduates would ever be their characteristics, and he enjoined this adherence most earnestly on the young men around him. The President expressed himself as almost bewildered by the kindness shown him.

The President and his company then sat down to dinner with the Trustees and the Faculty and the members of the Senior Class, with their parents and guardians. The table was set in the President's yard, under a canopy of magnificent oaks, and the company were entirely the President's guests.

The address before the literary societies by D. K. McRae, Esq., late consul at Paris, was delivered before the President's arrival. It was a brilliant parallel between the characteristics and influence of intuitive genius and of painstaking talent.

The address before the Alumni, at 5 P. M., by the Rev. Dr. Hooper, a graduate fifty years ago, was sparkling with gems of wit and humor. Its sketches of his college experiences were highly relished by the large audience, and diverted the President not a little.

During the recess in the declamations of the Sophomore class, at night, President Buchanan took upon him the delivery of the prize in English composition (the Rev. Dr. Hawks' History of North Carolina), which was won by E. E. Wright, a son of Judge Wright, of Memphis, Tenn. The delivery was in excellent taste, being accompanied with a few weighty words of wisdom and affectionate advice:

The President said:—I confess I am taken by surprise. I am very happy to be the honored medium through which this token is presented to the young gentleman before me. He has distinguished himself for merit in composition, and that is the greatest merit, perhaps, that any literary gentleman can enjoy; because the man who writes clearly, after a little practice will speak clearly. The great merit of composition, in my humble judgment, consists in short, pointed sentences. The author who writes your long sentences involves himself in many difficulties. One distinct idea presented in a distinct manner has more potency and more power than the sentences of a book in which everything under the sun is brought together, according to the style of many of our modern writers. The ancient style was the best style, and that was emphatically the style of Mr. Calhoun, and in an eminent degree the style of Mr. Webster. I wish you great honor and great prosperity in whatever pursuit you intend to follow. I have been delighted with the exercises here to-day. I think I have never heard in my life more genuine humor and wit than that presented to-day by the gentleman who delivered the address, and who was formerly a professor here; and in regard to the sober portions of his address I hope they have sunk deep in the mind of every student of this college. The great curse of our country—that curse which has involved so many of the most promising young men of the land in ruin, which has made mothers miserable, and which has made fathers feel disgraced by the spectacle of their own offspring—is the crime of drunkenness, more deadly by far than the pestilence, than the yellow fever, than the plague, and than all other calamities that have visited man. We bring upon ourselves a greater calamity than heaven has brought upon us, in any form or shape of misery. Everywhere you see the wrecks of this dreadful vice scattered over the land, in the destruction of the finest prospects that ever were presented by the youth of any country. I therefore wish, with all my heart, to repeat whatever has been best said by the gentleman (Dr. Hopper) who addressed you this evening, and ask of you all to take care of that fatal vice which degrades man to the level of the brute and disgraces him in the eyes of the whole world, I wish you, and wish all the other young men who have done themselves so much credit here to-day, health, prosperity and long life. (Loud applause.)

The village is overflowing with visitors. One of the military companies came on from Raleigh with the President. The ladies are out in great numbers and in great beauty. The President went last night to look on the dancers at the reunion for awhile. The weather is hot; the roads are dusty; the enthusiasm is at a fever height.

C. P.

LADY MORGAN.

The Rev. James Graves, of Kilkenny, sends the London *Athenæum* a transcript of a letter written by Lady Morgan, then Miss Sydney Owenson,—"which proves that in her seventeenth year (supposing 1777 to be the period of her birth) she was at a boarding-school in Dublin. The letter bears the Dublin post-mark, and the allusion to Marlborough Street is also conclusive. The affectionate intercourse which this letter (otherwise not very remarkable) shows to have existed between father and daughter, is very creditable to both." The letter runs thus:—

"Oct. 30, 1794.

"I have so often expatiated on the subject of suspense, that it would be mere tautology to say what I have felt at my Dr Papa's long silence; or rather to attempt saying, for sensations of that kind are easier conceiv'd than express'd, and tho' your Dr Letter, disapated my fears, yet I am not free from uneasiness. That affection which is ever alive in the bosom of a *fond* child shrinks with *sensitive* feeling from the touch of apprehension, and is only to be convinced by occular demonstration. Thus (unthankful as I am) I shall never be happy until I see you comfortably seated by the fire-side in our little parlor, and myself still more comfortably seated on yr knee (provided the burden be not too heavy) listening attentively while you the 'tale unfold,' and when 'tis finished I may exclaim with Desdemona 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true'; but the quotation would not be applicable to every part of your unfolded tale, as the conduct and benevolent attention of yr Physician and Mr. Brennen merits a better reflection; when I think on their goodness to you, the words of Madame de Genlis always occurs to my mind, 'Virtue may be acquired, but goodness is a gift of nature,' and nature has been so profuse in that respect to both gentlemen, that if acquired virtue had a mind to step in, she would not find a single vacant spot to take possession of: what happiness it would give me to return personal thanks to these friends in the most literal sense of the word, is needless to say, as every friend, who, by their efficacious endeavors have contributed to the restoration of my Dr Papa's health, must be dear to me. You complain that I am sparing of my paper, but really My Dear Sir if you were enclosed within the walls of a boarding-school yr self, you would find something to say no easy matter. As for news you will see more in a day's paper than I could send you in a week; and for writing on any subject that may occur, it is not so easy as you *beaux esprits* imagine. The muses, like all other ladies, are whimsical and inconstant, and it requires no little art to keep in their good graces. At one time they will preside over every line, at another they will scarcely deign to look over yr shoulder: so you may always judge of my Muse's temper by the style of my letter. We spent two delightful evenings at Mrs. Lynches of Marlborough st. She is the most hospitable and the best natured woman I ever met with. There is a very fine grand forte piano, and I am highly gratified with my favorite amusement. We are to drink tea there tomorrow evening. I should not have visited them only I was pretty sure of yr permission, as it was yr wish I should go to the Play with them one night, and any one you would wish me to appear in public with, I am sure you would have no objection to in private. I sent Molly to Mr. Dixon's, who says there is no one in the world he would so soon have as yourself, and that tho' more than one have been about them he has kept them for you. You can have a drawing room and dining room, and bed chamber on the first floor, and bed chamber on the second, with kitchen entirely to yr self for 40 guineas [illegible] new papered and painted, and the hall and staircase new oil-clothed, he begs you will write to him by return of post as the rooms are damp, and would require airing. Let me know for certain when we may expect you in town. God bless you my Dr Papa, take care of yr self.

"S. OWENSON.

"I sent to-day to Mr. Lea's for some music, he seem'd quite pleased that I did so, and begg'd I would send when ever I wanted any.

"Mr. Owenson, Theatre, Cork."

—So very little is known of Lady Morgan's early life—and so much debate has been held upon it in the political and literary squabbles of party men and women—that any light is welcome. This letter shows that, although Mr. Owenson was only a theatrical manager in an Irish provincial town, his daughter was in the way of gaining the education of a gentlewoman. In other respects the letter is characteristic. The sentiment—the frolic—the quotation from De Genlis—are all of a-piece with the manner of this brilliant lady to the last hour of her life.

A NEW PASTORAL.

The Summer day shone hot and calm,
The Summer noon drooped herb and tree,
The cedars yielded breaths of balm,
In silence slumbered land and sea;

The verdurous branches scattered shade
Above a group of pastoral rest;
A stalwart shape in quiet laid
Upon the cool earth's kindly breast.

Another form, of tenderer mold,
Beside him spread a shepherd's fare,
In rippled rings her tresses rolled,
A careless mass of glittering hair.

From rustic vessel filled with food,
She served the simple, brief repast.
Sweet idyl of the solitude,
That caught my vision as I passed?

O fine array of poesy!
This lovely idyl's naked truth
Was nothing but an apple-tree,
And underneath an Irish youth.

A ragged man who rests at noon;
His red-haired wife sat on a rail,
And watched him, without fork or spoon,
Eat dinner from an old tin pail.

He ate it up, and filled a pipe,
Nor noticed her by smile or frown;
She stole an apple all unripe,
Shut up the pail, and walked to town.

So sift the classic idyls out,
From words, and glosses overlaid—
Your Damon is a Helot lout,
Your Daphne is a chambermaid.

Is then the poet knave or fool?
The fool of words, the laughing knave:
Or does his sight transcend your rule,
And beauty from th' abysses save?

A. W. H.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GEORGE SAND'S NEW BOOK.

HER QUARREL WITH PAUL DE MUSSET.

A Paris correspondent of the London *Star* writes on the 23d of May:

The proof sheets of a brochure by George Sand have just been handed to me. This brochure poetico-political, entitled "*La Guerre,*" is nothing more than an effusion of the politico-poetical lady whose name it bears—a dream from which she is awakened by the sound of the clarion of a regiment starting for Italy. The warlike sentiments inspired by the incident throw the author into a prophetic state, in which she beholds the future happiness of Europe, the triumph of the French arms over Austria, the spreading of liberty emanating from the revolutionary spirit which governs the French nation under cover of the despotism by which it is apparently enslaved, and predicts one universal round hand in hand of all nations to the Marseillaise ere long. The work is beautifully written, and although not rhymed, is full of the most exquisitely poetical images.

They say, in literary circles, that George Sand has been spurred on to do her best in this case to efface the impression produced by Paul de Musset's book of "*Lui et Elle,*" which has just appeared in one volume, after having attained the highest popularity in the "*Magasin de Librairie.*" Ever since the death of Alfred de Musset his friends have been loud in their accusations against George Sand, whom they openly tax with the poet's untimely death, by having driven him to the use of the stimulants which killed him. In order to relieve her reputation, she published in the "*Révue des Deux Mondes,*" a novel of singular talent, the best work since her younger days, "*Elle et Lui,*" wherein she indicates her conduct as *Elle*, and accuses him, *Lui*, of having been addicted to the vice which hurried him into the grave long before she was compelled to abandon him to his fate. Paul de Musset, in jealous vindication of his brother, responds by a counter accusation, "*Lui et Elle,*" in which George Sand is still *Elle* of course, and Alfred always *Lui*. Here the tale is reversed. All the brave bold spirits quenched or betrayed by a spirit bolder and more brave than any rise up in judgment against her. Each character is known among the literati of Paris, from Caseau, the novelist, to Hans Flocken, the pianist, and the poor romance-writer is of course treated with every indignity. The letters contained in the work are genuine, and for some time George Sand, smarting with outraged sensibility and pride, had thoughts of attacking the author before the tribunals, but her friends have wisely dissuaded her from the step, and, by turning the current of her feelings into another channel, have induced her to write the present brochure, which will amply redeem her reputation for manly talent, at all events, even if it leave her womanly attributes still rather damaged by Paul de Musset's attack.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

It is a very easy matter to accuse a man of plagiarism—especially a poet. To thrust such a charge upon the charming "Professor of the Breakfast Table," the man who has told us so much of men and things in such an artistic, and yet such a natural way, is, to say the least, a very disagreeable thing. While I shall not do it in the present instance, I shall exhibit, for the entertainment of your readers, a very wonderful instance of the way in which men happen to stumble upon similar modes of thought and expression.

At the conclusion of the Professor's last paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, you will find the following little poem, entitled "The Two Streams:"

Behold the rocky wall,
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river tides!

Yon stream whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's sedge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

Now this poem is very beautiful, and will doubtless elicit the admiration of the Professor's numerous friends; yet I desire to submit to your readers, without further comment, a short abstract from a Baccalaureate sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Williams [illegible] to the elementary qualifications which constitute a hero—a Christian hero—there occurs this passage:

"Not more surely does the tree come to its flowering and its fruitage, than man comes to freedom of choice, intelligent action, moral responsibility, and through these to that moment of decisive governing choice which shall control his professional career here, to that which shall give direction to the current of his moral life forever. At this point, the *set* of the current may be undecided. *It may be as water on the summit of the Andes. A pebble, the finger of a child, may turn it; but that moment decides whether it shall mingle with the stormy Atlantic, or rest and glitter on the bosom of the broad Pacific.*

"You, my beloved friends of the Graduating Class, stand to-day upon the summit of a moral Andes. It overlooks, on either hand, the plains you are to traverse and the ocean you are to sail. *Not as drops of water are you impelled by a necessitating force*; but with the comprehension of reason, with the responsibilities of freedom, with the advantages of education, in the freshness of opening manhood, you are to decide whether you will tend towards that *dark and troubled* sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt, or towards that bright and *peaceful ocean*, where sleep the isles of the blest."

NOMLA.

OSWEGO, May 25, 1859.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE.

[From the Scranton (Pa.) Herald of the Union, June 2, 1859.]

The Republicans of Massachusetts have lately been celebrating the birthday of THOMAS JEFFERSON, whose memory they now pretend to hold in such high esteem. Among the invited speakers was Josiah Quincy, who in the time of Jefferson stood alone and voted to censure the acts of President JEFFERSON. Below we insert a letter from W. C. Bryant, of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, to the Boston committee of invitation:

NEW YORK, April 1, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for inviting me to the festival you are about to hold in honor of the birthday of the memory of Jefferson. You do well to observe the birthday of that great man, one of the wisest political philosophers of his time—wiser, I think, than any who lived in times before him—one who saw deeper into the principles of government than his cotemporaries know. I should be most happy to unite with you in this commemoration, but am withheld by my various occupations. I am, gentlemen, with great regard, &c.,

W. C. BRYANT.

Messrs. H. L. Pierce and others,
members of the Committee.

This letter is rather racy when placed by the side of a poem on THOMAS JEFFERSON, written by the same author in 1808, in which the author, who now thinks he was a "great man," took occasion to say he was the "scorn of every patriot's name," and wished him to "resign the Presidential Chair." The Republicans have made a grand mistake here, but it should be remembered that the business of commemorating the illustrious Jefferson is one with which they are but slightly acquainted. Let them once get their hands in, and they will soon learn how to cover such glaring hypocrisy. Here is the extract:

Thomas Jefferson.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

And thou, the scorn of every patriot name,
Thy country's ruin and her council's shame!
Poor, servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's cave:
Thou, who, when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whiskered minions fall,
And when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide:
Go, wretch; resign the Presidential chair;
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair;
Go search with curious eye for horned frogs,
'Mid the wild waste of Louisiana bogs,
Or where the Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme;
Go, scan, philosophist, thy Sally's charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of State,
Nor image ruin on thy country's fate.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

A woman who professes to speak from experience writes thus of marrying for money: "I was married for money. This was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes to have children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is one thing which we both like, and that is what we both cannot have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother; for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they had just been quarrelling over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his Celt-like heels upon Mortimer's ribs; while the baby Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been aroused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never keep a chambermaid more than three weeks. And to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flying through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced into the room yesterday, flirting her dusters and muttering: 'Real old maid, after all!' just because I showed her a table on which I could write 'slut' with my fingers in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear—for fear of dying old maids."

A MOUNT VERNON PAPER.

The following remarkable note—from which we are overwhelmed to learn that Editors are expected to look upon the bearing of the Mount Vernon Association upon the future of our great Republic, "with the "eyes of statesmen, the judgment of philosophers, "and the prescience of metaphysicians"—is addressed to the Able Editor of a Vermont journal, who admires (as we do also, though we can't understand it) "the graceful eloquence and practical good sense" of the accomplished writer:

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1859.

Dear Sir:—The press is the popular exponent of public sentiment, and to it must we look for the moulding of public opinions.

The Mount Vernon Association is a novel feature in the history of associations. It is the first great combination of Woman's energy for the accomplishment of a National good, and beneath the moneyed transactions which lie upon its surface, there is a great undercurrent of moral influences to be developed, and brought home to the hearts of the people.

It is for the Editors of the country to look deeply into the subject—to view with the eyes of statesmen, the judgment of philosophers, and the prescience of metaphysicians, its bearing upon the future of our great Republic.

"Strength in Unity" has been the wise proverb of ages—and nowhere can it be so momentously applied as to a Federal Government.

Let, then, all our countrymen combine to carry out this great principle in the present work set before them! Let them, with one mind, contribute their testimonials of love and gratitude for the great example of truth and virtue vouchsafed to us in a Washington, and we shall find that the influence will be to bring home his counsels of wisdom to each reflecting mind, and serve as an adamantine chain to bind together the glorious Union, which he bequeathed to us, as our most precious inheritance.

The Vermonters are known as a people of patriotic and generous views, and lively intelligence. Therefore, let the Editors of Vermont but lead their thoughts aright, and we shall find the results most noble and praiseworthy for themselves, and for their State.

With sentiments of esteem, very respectfully yours,
ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM,
Regent M. V. L. A.

Gen. D. W. C. Clarke, Burlington, Vt.

GOD LIVETH EVER!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
Who gave the eye its power to see?
Shall He not hear His children weep,
Who made the ear so wondrously?
God is God: He sees and hears
All their troubles, all their tears.
Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him: He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,
And bids them all His fullness know.
In thy sorrow's swelling flood,
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Let earth and heaven, outworn with age,
Sink to the chaos whence they came,
Let angry foes against us rage,
Let hell shoot forth its fiercest flame.
Fear not death nor Satan's thrusts,
God defends who in Him trusts,
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet,
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness,
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

THE COOPER UNION.

The indentures by which Mr. Peter Cooper and Sarah, his wife, convey to "The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art," the property known as the Cooper Institute, have been recorded. By the terms of the indentures the Board of Trustees is composed of the following persons: Peter Cooper, Edward Cooper, Abram C. Hewitt, Daniel F. Tiemann, Wilson G. Hunt, and John E. Parsons.

In case of the death of one of the Trustees, the vacancy is not to be filled, but the Board of Trustees will consist of five members. Every succeeding vacancy to be filled by the remaining Trustees by ballot. Trustees hold office for life, but may be removed by order of the Supreme Court, or may resign. The oldest lineal male descendant of Peter Cooper is to be a Trustee ex gratia, unless he be a Trustee by virtue of original appointment, or by election as provided. If the oldest lineal male descendant of Peter Cooper be a Trustee by virtue of original appointment, or by election, the number of Trustees constituting said Board of Trustees to be five; if the oldest lineal male descendant of Peter Cooper be not a Trustee by virtue of appointment or election, then until another vacancy occur in the said Board of Trustees by the death or removal of a Trustee, other than such oldest lineal male descendant of Peter Cooper, the number of such Trustees to be six.

The rents, issues, income, and profits of the estate, are to be forever devoted to the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art.

1. To regular courses of instruction at night, *free to all* who shall attend the same under the general regulations of the trustees, on the application to the useful occupations of life, on social and political science, meaning thereby not merely the science of political economy, but the science and philosophy of a just and equitable form of government, based upon the great fundamental law that nations and men shall do unto each other as they would be done by, and on such other branches of knowledge as, in the opinion of the Board of Trustees, will tend to improve and elevate the working classes in the city of New York.

2. The support and maintenance of a *free reading room*, of *galleries of art*, and of *scientific collections*, designed, in the opinion of the Board of Trustees, to improve and instruct those classes of the inhabitants of the city of New York whose occupations are such as to be calculated, in the opinion of the said Board of Trustees, to deprive them of proper recreation and instruction.

3. To provide and maintain a school for the instruction of respectable females in the arts of design, and, in the discretion of the Board of Trustees, to afford the respectable females instruction in such other arts or trade as will tend to furnish them suitable employment.

4. As soon as, in the opinion of the Board of Trustees, the funds, which shall, from time to time, be at their disposal, will warrant such an expenditure, such funds shall be appropriated to the establishment and maintenance of a thorough *Polytechnic School*, the requirements to admission to which shall be left to the discretion of the said Board of Trustees, and shall be specifically determined by them, from time to time.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

Mr. Cooper has, it is said, at last executed a deed of trust of the Cooper building *not* in favor of the Corporation, as it was originally given out, but in favor of the following gentlemen:

PETER COOPER—(*Himself*),
EDWARD COOPER—(*His son*),
ABRAHAM C. HEWITT—(*His son-in-law*),
DANIEL F. TIEMANN—(*His step-son-in-law*),
JOHN E. PARSONS—(*His attorney*),
WILSON G. HUNT—(*His business friend*).

This is a capital arrangement. It keeps the concern in the family, and nobody has a right to complain. Any gentleman is permitted to make such disposition of his own property as he may deem proper, though some ill-natured people, who pay heavy taxes, complain that the Cooper building is, from some as yet unexplained cause, exempt from taxation, while other "people's" buildings are not. We have not ourselves been able to find out the least advantage to the Corporation or people of New York of this far-famed Cooper Institute. Will anybody tell us where it is?—*N. Y. Daily News.*

KNOW ALL MEN, ETC.

The following Manifesto has been addressed by Count Adam de Gurowski to the European press:

NEW YORK, April 2, 1859.

The attacks which from time to time have been made upon me in Europe, as well as in this country, compel me to make the following declaration, which, I trust, will dispose of them effectually:

Since 1815, when Poland was annexed to Russia, the course of events has brought me in contact, in various relations, with five members of the Imperial House of Romanoff. As a Polish patriot, as a Panslavist or Russophilo, and as a Publicist, I have only experienced persecution, injustice, and various losses and ruin from my relations with that House. Personal considerations or experiences have, however, never exercised any influence upon my convictions. Now, as formerly, I see no other salvation for Poland but in a fusion with Russia—with the Russian people. And, as long as Russia continues to be a champion of civilization (I hope forever), and as long as she does not act contrary to its interests, I, the American citizen, shall not the less remain a devoted Russophilo, without regard to the power that may rule the empire.

Since I am speaking of these, my European relatives, I will avail myself of the occasion to send to the Old World words of the deepest gratitude. The whole royal family of Prussia has alway treated most graciously the various members of my family, although we were not subjects of Prussia. The late King of Prussia, Frederick William III., and his royal son, who is now, alas! suffering from a direful infliction, have often extended protection to those of us who were persecuted. I, personally, as well as my relatives, have always met at their hands great cordiality and kindness. They have always looked upon me and treated me as a man of honor; and is this not the highest compliment which a prince can pay to a private individual? After my flight from Russia, in 1844, the personal interposition of the King saved me from being surrendered to my enemies, which had been urged by the then Prussian Minister of the Interior, who, therefore, is the only person whom I cannot include in my grateful remembrance of Prussia. During the period which I spent at that time in Germany, I was most scandalously attacked in all possible directions by the great portion of the German Press, led on by the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which journal was partly prompted in its attacks by Poles, and partly was an unconscious tool of the Secret Russian Police. (To an agent of that police, a tradesman of Heidelberg, I was also indebted for the persecution to which I was subjected in that city, in the Winter of 1844-45.) But, although so bitterly persecuted at that time, I was always met with the utmost regard and kindness by all persons employed by the Prussian Government, whether high or low.

GUROWSKI.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

The following account of a discovery of some sheets from Caxton's press, which we copy from the London *Critic*, will interest all owners of old books in "the original binding:"

Mr. Blades, whom we mentioned, some time back, as being engaged in closely investigating the life and labors of Caxton, has discovered, in the small library of the grammar school at St. Albans, a copy of the "Boethius" printed by our first printer, which, to his eyes, appeared to contain a mass of printed matter bound up in the covers. This, he shrewdly suspected, was most likely to consist of sheets from the Caxton press itself, especially as a fragment of it on vellum, that had been used as a band to strengthen the covers, was evidently in the type so dear to bibliographers—being, in fact, part of an Indulgence, printed about the year 1480. This suspicion Mr. Blades communicated to the trustees of the school, strongly recommending, at the same time, that the book should be taken to pieces by a skilful bookbinder, so as to ascertain what might be lying concealed within the covers. The trustees were, however, by no means inclined to take this trouble; and it was not until Mr. Blades urged them again and again, that they consented to allow Mr. Tuckett, the bookbinder of the British Museum, to deal with the precious volume as had been recommended by our bibliographer. The result, we are happy to say, is that Mr. Blades's enthusiasm and perseverance have been rewarded by seeing as many as fifty-six leaves of different works printed by the immortal Caxton brought to light by the means he had suggested. The discovery is all the more important inasmuch as some of the leaves are unique, being fragments of some one or more books not previously known to bibliographers as having been printed by Caxton. Among them we noticed two leaves which seem to us to have belonged to some miracle play or mystery printed by Caxton, but of which there is no record in either Ames or Dibden. These leaves are in the same type as that used by Caxton in his "Pylgremage of the Sowle," printed at Westminster in the year 1483. Some of the leaves, we may add, are printed on one side only, and the whole appears to form a mass of what printers technically call *waste*.

To give some idea of the value of the discovery, we may state that the Astor Library conceals, as one of its most precious treasures, a few leaves from Caxton's press.

Special Notices.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

FREE PUBLIC GALLERY OF ART.
NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING,
Second avenue, corner of Eleventh street. Open daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

CANVASSERS wanted in every town in the United States, to canvass for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS. A liberal commission allowed. For particulars, address
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Chickering & Sons have been awarded thirty-five prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the past thirty-five years. Also for sale,
MASON & HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR
MELODIONS AND HARMONIUMS
for Parlors, Churches, Vestries, and Lodges. At Wholesale and Retail.
PIANOS TO LET.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE,
will open for the reception of Guests on
THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.
DANIEL GALE, PROPRIETOR, CALDWELL, N. Y.
The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—THE Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy, consisting of upwards of Eight Hundred Original Works, by living artists, never before exhibited by the Academy, is now open daily, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., at the Galleries in Tenth street, near Broadway. Admission 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.
T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Cor. Sec., N. A.

MESSRS. GOUPIL & CO. have just published a number of very fine engravings, amongst which are the late productions of
PAUL DELAROCHE,
ARY SCHEFFER, and
HORACE VERNET.
Amateurs of fine line engravings are respectfully invited to examine them, as also recent works of ROSA BONHEUR, JEROME'S DUEL, the great photographs of RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS, and all the new publications, English and French.
Frames, and Passepartouts, and Artists' Materials of every description, at GOUPIL'S GALLERY, 366 BROADWAY.
M. KNOEDLER.

CROOK & DUFF,
MODEL RESTAURANT,
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New York.
DINNER,
BREAKFAST, and TEA.
PRIVATE ROOMS FOR PARTIES.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship NEW YORK, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, June 11, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY, Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

BRANCH OFFICE.

For the accommodation of our up-town readers, we have established a Branch-Office of THE SATURDAY PRESS at Rogers' Book Store, No. 827 Broadway, where subscriptions, communications, advertisements, etc., will be received.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

From the daily papers themselves we hear a great deal of their influence and power; it is a pet idea with them all, that they are the Fourth Estate, and the rulers of the other three. Any honest expression of opinion has always a great influence. Any honest and sincere man, speaking the genuine truth that is in him, will always find hearers. We have no sympathy with the timidity that would kill off the serious discussion of any question. We are not afraid that eternal truth can ever be smothered by dogmas, or perverted by fanaticism.

The infinite wisdom that made man still rules him, and has never delegated His government to any set of finite men. "Seek and ye shall find, for there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," is the heavenly direction and encouragement. What a destiny those sentences promise; what a mission they offer to those who would take the position of leaders in the grand march of mind in the search after truth. Judged by this standard, what position in the ranks can the press, secular or religious, claim for itself? In their special departments, does anybody go to them to find out the truth? Would any man of intelligence go to a professed Democratic sheet to learn the truth about the actions of its own party, or the principles of those opposed to it? Can Republican papers tell the truth, either about themselves or their antagonists? Does any one ever suppose they do? No. And as a necessary result, in politics, no man capable of forming an opinion is ever moved by any political articles that emanate from the Able Editors of either side. He believes nothing they may say until it is confirmed by time, or some other testimony that he knows is disinterested and truthful. Is it not a mortifying fact that in every political campaign charges of falsehood are made and proved against every political sheet by its cotemporaries who are opposed to it. If any of our readers should be incredulous upon this point, let them try the experiment in the approaching Presidential campaign. Nor is the religious press any better. Let any one read both sides of a religious controversy. There is a very pretty quarrel now going on between the supporters and opposers of the recent action of the Tract Society. Let any Methodist read an exposition of his religious opinions in an Episcopal paper, and vice versa. Read the Catholic and Protestant papers, and as you are a Catholic or Protestant, judge for yourselves of the truth of what they say.

"But," the Able Editors will ask, "do you mean "to say that we have no effect upon the public mind—"that we have no influence in leading and directing "public opinion?" We leave the answer to the conscience of each individual editor as to how far his particular sheet deserves to have any weight with earnest men, who are seeking conscientiously after truth. As much influence of this kind as it deserves to have, it will have—no more, no less. There could be no truth, moral, political, or religious, if this were not true. The press is not a ruling or controlling power by its own strength. It is and never can be anything else than simply an expression of the feelings, wishes, and opinions of its constituency. In forming, moulding, and directing these, its sincere opinions earnestly expressed, have only the influence that the earnest expression of a sincere man has always upon a mind open to conviction. As political engines, for their influence in increasing party votes, their value is very small. Study carefully the course of any political journal, believed by itself or others to be of great value to the party it may support, and notice how cautious and careful it is, in selecting its ground, to choose that side upon which there is a preëxisting majority. If its Able Editor becomes conscious that he has made a mistake, see how adroitly and quickly he will change its views. There have been lately several notable examples of this in the newspaper world.

Of the value of the opinions of a pretended literary journal whose judgment can be influenced by a few dollars more or less, even that easily deceived class, the publishers, are becoming conscious. "But," the Able Editors will cry, "are we and our army of subs, "supes, sub-supes, and office-boys, of no possible use "or meaning?" Decidedly not. The want of principle in the political press is the best evidence of the corruption of our politics, that our political struggles are not for the establishment of principles, but for party triumphs. The bitterness and disregard of truth in the religious press is an evidence of how much religion is made a matter of dogmas, of sect, and personal aggrandisement of the clergy, rather than the culture and dissemination of the divine truth of the New Testament. But through and above all party feelings and organizations in politics, stands our nationality, our love of country. Democrats and Republicans alike join in being Americans. Above all sectarianism and dogmatic theology rise the truth of Christianity and the religious element of our nature. To be the expression of this life of America the SATURDAY PRESS aims. To be the exponent of no party or no sect, but of every man, as he is more than a party and better than a sect. And who is there that is not so?

THETA DELTA CHI.

A grand convocation of this interesting Brotherhood was held at Troy on Monday last, when an eloquent Oration was pronounced by Brother E. G. P. Wilkins, of this city, and a Poem by Brother W. B. French, of Boston. The Orator and Poet previously announced were Brother Joseph J. Henry, of New York, and Brother Fitz-James O'Brien, of Cambridge, neither of whom were able to attend. Brethren from nearly every university in the country were present, and everything (including the dinner) went off in the most hearty and fraternal style.

NEW ENGLISH MONTHLY.

The London *Critic* of May 28th, says that the brilliant success of the American *Atlantic Monthly* has suggested to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. the desirability of starting a magazine upon the same plan, and it is believed that, after much negotiation, that enterprising firm has prevailed upon Mr. Thackeray to accept the editorship. The rumor which was referred to some few months back, that Mr. Thackeray was engaged to write for Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., for a salary of 2,500*l.* a year, arose from a former but unsuccessful negotiation respecting this. It is now stated that Mr. Thackeray has consented to bind himself to write for the projected periodicals, and that alone, and that there will be associated with him, in this enterprise, some of the greatest and most distinguished names in modern English literature.

Literary Notes.

— Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., have this day published the "Memoirs of the Empress Catherine, written by Herself."

— The fifth volume of Humboldt's "Cosmos," is published to-day by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

— We have just learned that the poem on our fourth page, entitled "Apology," is by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and that it appeared originally in the *Knickerbocker*, under the title of "Lothario's Apology." We extracted it from one of our country exchanges, which had stupidly altered the name—probably [illegible] of Lothario.

— Smith, Elder & Co. announce "The Shelley Memorials," edited by the wife of the poet's son. They are intended to counteract "the injurious effects of "some recent biographies, which contain mis-state-"ments imperatively requiring correction." We trust that they will evince a higher and better appreciation of Shelley's character and position in literature than the poet's wife seems to have possessed, if we may judge from the suppressions and amendments (?) in her edition of his works.

— Mr. Frank Moore has recently come in possession of important facts relating to the unfortunate Major Andre, by which it is proved that many of the occasional pieces, both in prose and verse, which appeared in the tory periodicals, published during the Revolutionary war, were written by him. These, we understand, are to be collected and probably published.

— A Biography of Mr. Charles Kean is announced for publication by Messrs. Saunders & Otley, London.

— Messrs. Bradbury & Evans have announced a new periodical, to be entitled *Once a Week*. It will probably be edited by Mr. Samuel Lucas, once editor of the *Press*, and now said to be connected with the *Times*.

— The annual Commencement of Williams College will take place on Wednesday, the 3d of August. On Sunday, the 31st of July, the President will deliver the Baccalaureate discourse to the graduating class. In the evening of the same day, the Rev. Prof. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, will deliver an address before the Mills Theological Seminary. The dedication of the new Alumni Hall and Chapel will probably take place on Monday, August 1. In the afternoon of Tuesday, a Poem and Oration will be delivered before the Society of Alumni, in the Congregational church; the Poem by the Rev. Amos D. Wheeler, of Topham, Me., of the class of 1827, and the Oration by the Hon. Martin I. Townsend, of Troy, N. Y., of the class of 1833. An address before the Adelphic Union Society, will be delivered by Prof. J. W. Fowler, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

— Mr. Swinton, author of "Rambles Among Words," has in preparation a more extensive work of the same nature, to be entitled "The Unworked Mines of the English Language."

— The London *Publishers' Circular*, of May 16th, gives the following confirmation of a statement made in a late number of THE SATURDAY PRESS:—"Messrs. "Chambers have just commenced a popular Encyclo-"pædia, characterised by enterprise and liberality, and "especially adapted to the new generation in our colo-"nies; its reproduction is announced in New York "[By Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.], which *Messrs. Cham-"bers inform us they neither sanction, nor will derive any ben-"efit from.*"

— Burnham's celebrated book-stand, No. 58 Cornhill, Boston, has been refitted and leased to the new firm of Messrs. Bartlett & Miles, who announce their intention of carrying on "a first-class book and station-"ary business."

— *The Herald of the Union* (Scranton, Pa.,) is publishing a series of articles entitled "Hyde-Park Papers, *not* by Edward Everett." The distinguished New Englander is likely to go down to posterity not as a statesman, a clergyman, a diplomat, a soldier,—nor even as Mr. Yeadon's "orator, patriot, sage, Cicero of America, laudator of Washington, apostle of charity, high priest of the Union, and friend of mankind,"—but as a writer for the *Ledger*, which is, of course, "honor enough for one man."

— Mr. Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway, has in press a work entitled Rifles and Rifle Practice, by Lieut. C. M. Wilcox, U.S.A.

— Barry Gray is writing a series of interesting letters from New York to the Baltimore *Family Journal*—a paper got up somewhat after the fashion of the New York *Ledger*, but conducted with more literary taste.

— Several of the prominent literary celebrities of Boston—including Dr. Holmes—appear to be afflicted with a new form of the brain-fever.

— A book is announced in Paris entitled *Les Femmes dans cent ans* [Women a Hundred Years Hence].

— The New York correspondent of the London *Publishers' Circular*, writes: "Amongst new things there is nothing better, and that is very good, than 'Trumps,' a new tale commenced by Harpers in their *Weekly Journal*. It is from the pen of G. W. Curtis, our *Thackeray (!)*; and I question much, from what I have read of it, whether even your public will not estimate it far above 'The Virginians.' *Nous verrons.*"

— Charles Hugo, son of Victor Hugo, is about publishing in *La Presse* (Paris) the second part of his tale, entitled *La Bohème Dorée*.

— The leading book-publishers in London have decided to close their stores, on Saturdays, at 2 p. m.

"*L'homme de Neige*," by George Sand, reprinted from the *Rèvue des Deux Mondes*, has been published in Paris, by Hachette & Co.

— The offer of a prize by the King of Bavaria for the best historical drama, is open to all nations, and time is allowed till a year from next November.

— A new novel, by Miss Yonge, the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," is announced by Messrs. Saunders, Otley & Co. The title is "Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster." It is to be issued in numbers.

Personal.

— Henry Barnard, LL.D., of Connecticut, who was some time since elected Chancellor of the Wisconsin State University, arrived at Madison on Friday last, for the purpose of entering upon the discharge of his duties. The ceremonies of the inauguration of the Chancellor elect, are to take place at the close of the present term of the University.

— In reply to the address of welcome delivered to him by Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, President Buchanan said that on the completion of his present term of office, he should retire to private life. We think it highly probable.

— Prof. Owen has been elected one of the eight foreign associates of the French Institute, Department of the Academy of Sciences, in place of the great botanist, Robert Brown.

— General Nye, the ex-Police Commissioner, has resumed the practice of the law.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

To the Editor of the Saturday Press:—

Do our physicians, or do they not, know how to ascertain whether a body found in the water was drowned or thrown into the water after death?

Have they, or have they not, observed the different appearances of such bodies sufficiently to verify the cause of death? If not, let them study the Chinese medico-legal work called Si-yuen, published in the tenth century, and continually revised and republished by the Government to this day. The following, which I translate from "*L'Empire Chinois*," by Huc, a French missionary (vol. 1, page 308), shows that they claim that there *are invariable* signs betraying these different modes of death:

"The Si-yen reviews all imaginable modes of death, and it explains the method to discover these from the bodies of the dead. In speaking of persons drowned it says, their bodies are very different from those which are thrown into the water after death. The first have the *belly much bloated, the hair stuck close to the head, froth in the mouth, the feet and hands stiff, and the soles of the feet extremely white. These signs are never found on those bodies which have been thrown into the water after having been strangled, poisoned, or slain in any other manner.* As it frequently happens in China, that an assassin seeks to hide his crime by a conflagration, the Si-yuen, under the chapter devoted to *the burned*, shows the manner of learning, by inspection of the corpse, whether it was slain before the burning or suffocated by the fire. Among other things it says, that in the first case neither ashes "or vestiges of the fire are found in the mouth or in the nose, whilst they are always found in those of persons suffocated."

Now, Sir, are the observations for two hundred years on these subjects, of a nation of three hundred millions [illegible] learned faculty of this country show what are the [illegible] in the respective cases, for the guidance of coroners in their investigations. There must be a difference of appearance in a wound made in a body when living and when dead; and another chapter in the same work gives the mode of detecting it, and with such certainty it claims that even the bones alone will give an unerring report as to a blow or wound which caused death.

I hope by this communication simply to awaken an interest in the community sufficient to have all the light, which can be brought to bear on it, find its way into the press.

O.

Mr. Dickens and his Late Publishers.

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have published the following explanation of their differences with Mr. Charles Dickens:

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans are permitted to avail themselves of the present opportunity to explain the cessation of their connection with *Household Words*, by which they are at liberty to take part in the establishment of *Once a Week*. Their explanation only concerns themselves, and that only in reference to the close of their relations with Mr. Charles Dickens, as editor or conductor of the former work. Although the circumstances have been freely canvassed in various publications, Bradbury and Evans have themselves hitherto made no public statement on the subject; but they now feel that the time has come to break the silence they have maintained, and thus to protect themselves from further misconstruction.

Their connection with *Household Words* ceased against *their will*, under circumstances of which the following are material:

So far back as 1836, Bradbury and Evans had business relations with Mr. Dickens, and, in 1844 an agreement was entered into, by which they acquired an interest in all the works he might write, or in any periodical he might originate, during a term of seven years. Under this agreement Bradbury and Evans became possessed of a joint, though unequal, interest with Mr. Dickens in *Household Words*, commenced in 1850. Friendly relations had simultaneously sprung up between them, and they were on terms of close intimacy in 1858, when circumstances led to Mr. Dickens's publication of a statement on the subject of his conjugal differences, in various newspapers, including *Household Words* of June 12.

The public disclosure of these differences took most persons by surprise, and was notoriously the subject of comments, by no means complimentary to Mr. Dickens himself, as regarded the taste of this proceeding. On the 17th of June, however, Bradbury and Evans learned from a common friend that Mr. Dickens had resolved to break off his connection with them, because this statement was not printed in the number of *Punch* published the day preceding—in other words, because it did not occur to Bradbury and Evans to exceed their legitimate functions as proprietors and publishers, and to require the insertion of statements on a domestic and painful subject in the inappropriate columns of a comic miscellany. No previous request for the insertion of this statement had been made either to Bradbury and Evans, or to the editor of *Punch*, and the grievance of Mr. Dickens substantially amounted to this, that Bradbury and Evans did not take upon themselves, unsolicited, to gratify an unreasonable wish by a preposterous action.

Mr. Dickens, with ample time for reflection, persisted in the attitude he had taken up, and in the following November summoned a meeting of the proprietors of *Household Words*. He did not himself attend this meeting; but a literary friend of Mr. Dickens came to it as his representative, announced there, officially, that Mr. Dickens, in consequence of the non-appearance in *Punch* of his statement, considered that Bradbury & Evans had shown [illegible] towards him, as to determine him, [illegible] to disconnect himself from them in business [illegible]; and the friend above-mentioned, on the part of Mr. Dickens, accordingly moved a resolution [illegible] and discontinuing the work on May 28. Bradbury & Evans replied that they did not and could not believe that this was the sole cause of Mr. Dickens's [illegible]; but they were assured that it was [illegible], and that Mr. Dickens declined to have [illegible] as his publishers, [illegible] nothing would [illegible]. Bradbury & Evans [illegible] Mr. Dickens's friend upon this point, [illegible] other [illegible].

Then, on this ground alone, Mr. Dickens [illegible] personal and business relations of long standing, and by an unauthorized and premature public announcement of the cessation of *Household Words*, he forced Bradbury & Evans to an unwilling recourse to the Court of Chancery [illegible] him from such proceedings, [illegible] property, in which others [illegible]. In fact, by his [illegible]

[illegible] the establishment of *Once a Week*.

May, 1859.

OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

The occasion of the opening of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, last Sabbath, was one of great interest. In the morning Rev. Hugh B. Carpenter delivered an able discourse from the text, "And the house which I build is great." In the afternoon a large audience listened to the eloquent "blind preacher," Rev. William H. Milburn. In the evening the desk was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the spacious room was crowded at an early hour, the aisles being densely packed, and every available spot occupied. The windows were filled, and many stood outside the entire evening, while hundreds went away, unable to get within sound of the speaker's voice. The sermon by the pastor, Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, is reported, in substance, below:

Sermon.

Text: Third chapter of Galatians, 10th, 11th, and 12th verses; also, the 34th verse of the 13th chapter of John:

> "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God it is evident; for the just shall live by faith, and the law is not of faith."
>
> "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

The entire cycle of Christian development is indicated in these texts; from the fetterings of the earliest law, to grander faith, and on to that *new* commandment, perennial, deathless love. Law! Faith! Love! These are the Alpha and Omega of the race's religious development. They thread the stream of time as the submarine cable upon which the electricity of truth travels from one eternity to the next. Things natural are in constant repetition. Comets traverse their pathway a thousand years, yet return to scintillate their celestial experiences—stars appear and fade and come again—the sun in endless repetition pants up the zenith, then rolls to rest—seasons chase each other in tireless pursuit—every day nature celebrates an anniversary or a centennial, or a millenial. Yet in all these is progress. Celestial systems are creeping in the stealth of thousand year-steps towards their fullness of time, and the Universe accents its measured tread, by eras we wot not of, towards the nothingness whence it sprang. God has swung out the Universe as the grand illustration of that which every atom and soul is the epitome. Each dust-grain has its cycles, while the epochs of that wonderfully constructed insect which is hatched by a sunbeam, that infinitesimal drop of life that whispers of immortality, are crowded into an hour. Humanity is but the pendulum to eternity's clock, to tick off a revolution of hours, and then detached, the mainspring is to throb on forever.

Our texts furnish the religious epoch-posts of the race. As stars which were shapeless lumps once, have climbed up to their present purity of light, so humanity mounts the social and religious zenith, until shined on by heaven's moral orb, it begins to reflect and devour its glories.

Not to trace the spring-times and autumns of that tree of Paradise until it bore divine fruit on Calvary, the God-apple which was the promise of eternal Eden, we shall begin with the newly dawned era that Christ's death punctuated.

The three great ideas of our text seem to have been embodied and emphasized in three of Christ's Apostles—Peter, the quicksand that Christ petrified and made granite, is to us the representative of *law*. Paul, who sailed on the current of the future and poured his blood through the arteries of the westward bound Empire, is the representative of *Faith*. John, who lived and loved beyond both, whose words smacked more of fruition than probation, who seemed to dwell upon the mount of perpetual vision, until vision was lost in reality—John is the representative of *Love*.

A religion of law is fitted for the earlier stages of religious life; these men are gross, they can feel no softer influence than a straight-jacket; it is for such there is a current of burning lava running through the [illegible] Heaven [illegible] higher natures, while others have to be [illegible] into Heaven.

The Mosaic economy comprises the first grand cycle of Christian life. But religions outgrow law. As handcuffs and stocks, though as strong as ever, are no incumbrance when I have become lean enough to slip through them, so religion etherializes itself away from all bondage. The libertine and anarchist regard law simply as oppression. They would escape law by dropping below it; but there is an escape by rising superior to it. Law in its operation is sublime, by its regularity and awful certainty. God's universe is law-ruled. It is sublime to look off toward the angels and feel that Heaven's firmament is a radiant highway thither, macadamised with shining worlds, and that all are busy to fulfil appointed laws—that souls come and go according to divine principles, and that God himself has desired to limit himself by his own regulations and appoint bounds to his infinite energy. Now Peter symbolises, in the new development, this reign of law, and is the transition link between Judaism and Christianity; not but that he had faith and triumphed in love, yet he clings ever to the past, and feels himself in bondage to the old letter. He requires a vision to disabuse him of an old Jewish law concerning unclean food. He is the autocrat of Jerusalem shooting anathemas at Ananias and Saphiras, and not an unfit representative, though in a modified form, of the earlier discipline. "The law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." The next advance is to faith, from ceremonials to spiritual facts. Faith was Paul's grand doctrine; he resurrectionized all the past, and showed it a Samuel's ghost pointing to a better province. Faith is not a dream of the future. Some divide religion into territories, and regard faith a distant region, a sort of cloud on the outskirts of creation. But faith is a living reality; it moves through the muscles, throbs through the blood, and goes out into every act; it impregnates the mighty present with the virus of eternity; it saturates earth with the juices of Heaven; it makes this life but a reach towards the next. Paul was the man of his age, and faith the idea. Each Apostle was a representative man, a religious principle; and all cycles of religious progress met as cotemporaries in Christ's time, and, breast to breast, started on the divine crusade for the world's evangelization.

But the new Commandment, the latest and fruition fact—love, had its Apostle. John is the Venus in the Christian Pantheon. It required twelve men to faintly shadow the glories of which Christ was the perfect fact. After Peter and Paul had surrendered their crosses for their crowns, John is gathering up the remote conclusions from their eloquent lives, and showing that love is the goal of law and faith. In those few years, and in those three men, was rehearsed the drama of religious development which was to be enacted upon the theatre of the world, with each member of the race for a hero, and all the hosts of heaven for an auditory, screened behind the footlights of eternity. They had rehearsed, and now commenced the [illegible] action. New Peters take shape in Popes, and now comes the recurrence of the law of cycle. The wheel of human progress had made one revolution and stopped on the same spoke. All fell to work vigorously by kissing toes, and counting beads, and asked no question why. A diet of prayers, and dungeons, and [illegible], was for the soul's fattening, and inquisitions stood grinning by, as mild persuasives to obedience. What a retrogression, yet not altogether, but a recoil for a leap onward! So moves the race religiously.

In a man's first struggle for fellowship with God, when he is brought face to face with his Maker; when he feels as though he was alone on the topmost pinnacle of some far-off planet, surrounded by God as by immensity, he finds that he must do something, anything for relief. He seeks to comply with some external law. He would pilgrim his way to Mecca, for he feels contrite. He grows until he has faith, and then comes love, and he affiliates with God. He no longer [illegible] himself for prayer as the clock tells the hour, but he is in fervent devotion alway.

You know, or ought to know from your frequent visits at the Sunday school, how the teachers give little cards for early attendance, and after a child earns a certain number, a larger one is given, and how these larger ones are multiplied.

So God, when a man makes a small attempt at goodness by hanging on to a threadbare law, God gives him a little ticket of glory, and so on, until, some anniversary day, his little joys are exchanged for a fuller enjoyment, and at last he is permitted to pass through the everlasting gate, with his arms full of trophies, and his heart gushing with love.

Paul comes out again in Luther, and the man of Wittemberg does for Popery what Paul had done for Judaism. The cycle had come around once more, and martyrs are born again. Tumult rolls over tumult, as the dormant religious life leaps to its next development. A cry comes up from Germany, is echoed back by the Alps, rolls through France, and reverberates among the highlands of the Scots. Faith awakens an age, and this is an age of faith. Business faith fills the sails of commerce, and sends ships around the globe, and wings the many papers which represent the riches of the world.

Nearly four centuries we have been carried on by its influence, and now shall we not begin to look forward to another reign of love? We have had our law reign—our faith reign; but our John lingers yet.

The reign of brotherhood and love cometh not. You who saw the yachts come in the other day, witnessed a beautiful sight. The bay was white with sails that seemed to bend to the breeze with conscious energy, as if animated with the spirit of content. It symbolises the Christian life.

Oh, that we might all join in such a race of love! Why is this a *new* commandment? There is nothing new about love. I never pronounce that word but what I feel as if I were taking liberties with God, "for God is love."

As the dark spots on the sun are enfolded in its glory and seen through it, so the other attributes of God which we read in the universe, must be looked at through His absorbing love. Christ came inaugurating this new commandment. It is new for men to love one another as Christ loved us—so new, that it has never had a day's use by humanity yet. Why has this new commandment never had sway? Why has not love usurped the place of all envies and strifes? Why is only one-sixth of the world's inhabitants even *nominal* Christians? and why do Paganism and Mohammedanism now bear rule over lands once marked by the cross? Not because of the Gospel's inefficiency, but because of the mockery of the church to the true spirit of the cross.

All arguments against the religion of Jesus are powerless for evil, compared with the example of a church which professes purity, while it is a den of uncleanness. You hear of the danger of undermining some great doctrine by the mistranslation of some word.

But what do the masses know or care for Hebrew roots or Greek terminations? But all men do understand honesty, purity, and charity. It is no longer a mystery that love does not yet reign, when we see the churches violating the principle of common honesty. Ambitious Christians—what a paradox!—get together and resolve to build a temple to their God—which, being interpreted, meaneth themselves—which will cost more than they ever expect to pay, and be saddled with a mortgage that fairly distorts the countenances of the stone apostles that stand around the chancel. The poor laborers are obliged to ration their families because of unpaid earnings, and God is worshipped in this temple made by hands, forsooth, while these temples of the Holy Ghost are left to the tenantry of the devil.

Some build churches with the same recklessness that nations go to war—make a forced loan on eternal interest, for they are determined to have the fight any way. This department of Church management is the worst infidelity—infidelity to that manger-cradled God; to that poor man's Saviour. The churches need reconverting. Let nature be the teacher; let this [illegible] him), be the model in its plainness, simplicity, purity, and fragrance, of a holy life. If a church be a place for pomps and forms, for "linen decencies and cabalistic virtues," sacred enclosures where they save souls by machinery, then such buildings may answer.

But if be a convenient assembly room where men are to meet as men to worship God, no rich, no poor, but immortals, then do we need reform.

In accordance with this idea this church has endeavored to construct this house. We don't claim any credit for this, for we were obliged to build just such a church. But I will say that it meets my approval as eminently fitted for the worship of the Almighty Maker of the Universe. It may not be inappropriate in this connection to make a statement of our situation as a church. The present organization is a fusion of the Bridge street and Fulton avenue churches. The Rev. Mr. Cockran was pastor of this church about three years. The speaker succeeded him after the lapse of some time, and commenced his labors in the Elm Place lecture room last September. We were soon compelled to seek more ample accommodation in the Polytechnic Institute until this day, when the church and its friends present themselves with this commodious edifice.

Pecuniarily we can report favorably. The Elm Place lot is valued at $12,000, with an incumbrance of $1,800. The cost of this building and furniture is about $6,000; and there has been raised to pay it $3,200, leaving some $2,800 which our trustees have assumed and which must be paid.

It has been reported to the glory of opulent sister churches around us that they have contributed largely to our pecuniary prosperity; but I desire distinctly to state that this church has never received anything from any other church excepting *promises* and *prayers*, and probably more of the former than the latter, from most; henceforth we ask only the latter. We thank God for His help and favor, and pray that the time may never come when we shall be too proud to worship here.

I thank God for dedicating it as He has. It is all His work. God would not allow the Congregational Doctors to expound here to-day. I know He would'nt, for I tried to get them. He told one to say "I can't;" another, "I don't wish to;" another, "I havn't time." Perhaps they scent a heretic. The most unpardonable modern heresy, for which there is neither repentance nor absolution, is for a dead church to resurrectionise and build such a Tabernacle in so short a period. And He sent us a Presbyterian and a Methodist, and I thank God for it. The *Methodists*, who are the van crest upon the advancing wave of religious progress—those glorious pioneers who cleared the moral thickets; and the *Presbyterians* who followed after, to make permanent the truths that they had scattered.

How far, alas! are we yet from the inauguration of perfect love. Yet we can hope and labor for its coming. Any religion that reaches God's throne, must have its base on God's footstool. Never will the second John come until we are laden with this truth, that whatever tends to the exaltation of a mortal or the true equalization of all, is worship. Let it be the object of this Church to usher in this glorious future.

The church is dedicated to sinners and to the sinners' God; and if in those seats a single mortal shall meet his Saviour, his soul saved in eternity would compensate for ten thousand tabernacles. Peter and Paul have come and gone—their second advents even. The remaining cycles of development have pressed up to the present, and the orb of love is just hanging below the Eastern horizon. The dawn advanceth when the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God shall be recognized.

Man of divine lineage, sired by a God and brothered by a Saviour, the chasm that divorces earth from heaven filled with oceans of divine love. Death, then, would no longer be a luxury that we might reach glory. Time, and space, and sin should swim away upon this sea of love!

> "Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year!
> Eternity is round me here,
> Since, Lord, I live in Thee!"

Love is the only attribute that possesses intrinsic eternity. It tells all the glory of heaven in a word—Love. "Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity (or better, Love), and the greatest of these is *Love!*"

One Thing and Another.

— One of our musical papers published last week a N. Y. Ledger *Scottise*, dedicated to Robert Bonner, Esq.

— The *Transcript* states, that since the movement to purchase Mount Vernon was started, more money has been subscribed in Boston, for educational purposes, than has been raised in the whole country for securing the "home and tomb of Washington,"—a fact which shows that Boston, as we said last week, may, after all, be the "brain of the nation." Why not?

— On Tuesday evening Mr. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, presented to the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, now sitting in New York—a check for $500, for the use and benefit of the widows and orphans of Free Masons, the same being the amount of a verdict recovered by Mr. Forrest against Mr. N. P. Willis in an action for libel. The donation was accompanied by a letter from Mr. Forrest, stating that he did not bring the suit for the purpose of recovering pecuniary compensation, but for the vindication of his charcter, and to therefore willingly devoted the amount of the verdict to this noble charity.

— Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published a new novel by G. P. R James, entitled *The Cavalier*. The following letter from the author gives the terms on which it was sold:

BRITISH CONSULATE GENERAL,
VENICE, 4th April, 1859.

Gentlemen:—I have sent you off this day the two last chapters and completion of "The Cavalier," and trust they will reach you safely. Should they not do so, having kept a copy here, the loss could easily be made up. In regard to the payment for "The Cavalier," I have drawn bills upon your house for the amount, all being dated March 21st, one for $968 88, another for $584 12, and one for $127 00, making in all $1,680 00, as per agreement made and signed by us on the 1st of July, 1858. I hope you will have the kindness to send me over a copy of it, as I should like to see the work in print. In manuscript I like it well, and think there is quite enough action in it to suit you.

Yours, faithfully, G. P. R. JAMES.

To Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros.

— The battle of Montebello having knocked down the price of bread in England, the *N. Y. Express*, which always has a sharp eye to the bread market, wonders why the same cause doesn't operate on the bread market in New York. The bakers should put the Brookses on the free list.

— M. Legouvé, of the French Academy, has written a letter to the *Siècle*, recommending a subscription to be raised for the purpose of enabling Italians in Paris to proceed to the seat of war, and take part in the military operations. After dwelling on the advantage of that course, the writer says: "I will leave antiquity out of the question, and speak only of modern times. Is it not a striking spectacle to see Italy always give the signal to the world, always open the way for great things? The first modern epic poet is an Italian—Dante; the first lyric poet is an Italian—Petrarch; the first poet of chivalry is an Italian—Ariosto; the first modern novelist is an Italian—Boccacio; the first painter in the world is an Italian—Raffaele; the first statuary is an Italian—Michael Angelo; the first vigorous statesman and historian of the revival is an Italian—Machiavelli; the first philosophical historian is an Italian—Vico; the discoverer of the New World is an Italian—Christopher Columbus; and the first demonstrator of the laws of the heavenly world is an Italian—Galileo. You will find a son of Italy standing on every step of the temple of genius ever since the twelfth century. Then, in times nearer to our own, while all other nations are working at the continuation of this immortal gallery, Italy from time to time collects her strength, and presents to the world a colossus surpassing all. Now, even now, the greatest of living artists—the only one, perhaps, who [illegible] the title of a great man—is he not an Italian—Rossini? And lastly, was he not also a son of Italy—that giant who towered above the whole century, and covered all around him with his light or his shade—Napoleon? In fact, it would seem that when Providence wants a guide or a leader for humanity, it strikes this favored soil, and a great man springs forth." The writer concludes by declaring that he wishes his name to be put down for 1,000*f.*

— The following proclamation, made by Louis Napoleon, on landing at Boulogne in 1840, is not without interest at the present moment:

I appear among you as a warm and true Democrat and Republican. I take the shadow of the man of the century as the symbol of the promise which I now solemnly make. I will be, as I always was, a child of France. In every Frenchman I will ever see a brother. The Democratic Republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. *Never will I try to clothe myself in Imperial robes.* May my heart cease to beat on the day when I shall forget what I owe to you—what I owe to France! May my mouth forever be shut, if I ever say a word against the Republican sovereignty of the French people! May I be cursed, should I suffer that, in my name, doctrines were taught contrary to the Democratic principle and the government of the Republic! May I be condemned, if I should lay a treasonable hand against the rights of the people, be it even with their consent, or against their will, by force! And now believe me, as I do believe you, and may this call from me be like a prayer to heaven—"*Vive la Republique!*"

WHERE IS MONTEBELLO?

Very few maps contain the place upon which renown has fallen for a second time, in conjunction with contests between the armies of France and Austria. Montebello is a very insignificant village, and is so near to Casteggio that its name is rarely found in ordinary geographical charts. Casteggio is about thirty miles East of Alessandria, and fifteen West of the Po, while Montebello is but a few minutes walk Southwest of Casteggio.

Casteggio and vicinity has been a celebrated battle ground for more than 2,000 years. It is the ancient Clastidium, and it was here that Claudius Marcellus won the richest of spoils by vanquishing and slaying Viridomarus, King of the Gæsatæ. In the Punic wars it was an important military position. It was besieged by Hannibal, and might have defied his power, but historians tell us that two hundred large pieces of gold, paid to the commander, Publius Darius, "purchased the fortress" (a very polite phrase for expressing bribery). The stores and provisions found therein were of the greatest utility to the Carthagenians. A spring not far from Casteggio is still called *Fontana d'Annibale*.

It was near Casteggio, on the 9th of June, 1800, that the great conflict between the French and Austrians took place, which is known as the battle of Montebello, for it was in the latter little village that the arms of Napoleon I. finally routed the *corps de reserve* of the enemy. The Austrians defended themselves with the greatest valor in Casteggio, and the hills near the town were taken and retaken several times by the contending parties; but the fortune of the day was decided by Victor, who broke the centre of the Austrians, so that when Napoleon came up to the assistance of the French vanguard, the victory had already been gained.

The second French victory at Montebello, it appears from the meagre accounts which have been received, was obtained by two or three thousand less troops on their side, over three thousand less on the part of the Austrians. The contending parties in June, 1800, were 9,000 French soldiers to 18,000 Austrians; on the 21st of May, 1859, the combatants were respectively at the highest figure which has come to us, 7,000 Frenchmen and 15,000 Austrians. The recent action, however, has not the decisive character of that of 1800. It seems to have been more the onset of two large bodies of scouts, than the terrible conflict of two armies. Still the prestige given to the arms of the allies in this engagement is most encouraging to them and to all who sympathise with Sardinia.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Dramatic Feuilleton.

"Adelaide and Joey."

I wish that the Baron, who gravitates towards elegant wickedness, could have seen the lords and ladies attached to the Court of his most blessed majesty, King Charles the Second of England, and of lapdog memory. Would that he could have seen the Richmonds, the Ethereges, and all the rest of the gallant train! Would that Anna Maria, who has taken to billiards, and is now my bitterest foe, could be compelled to sit and see the whole of "Court and Stage!"

No! I retract the last expression. I would not inflict tortures upon my *direst* enemy.

I suppose that everybody knows pretty nearly what "Court and Stage" is about. It is a very stupid version of the intrigues between Charles the Second, la belle Stewart, and the Duke of Richmond. By a wonderful exercise of dramatic ingenuity, Mistress Ellen Gwyn is made to play a prominent part in this imbroglio. In fact, Mistress Gwyn is the central figure in the charming group. She is made to do all sorts of kind things, and to attempt to prove the rather illogical assumption of the Demi-Monde, that a lack of chastity—the sex's chiefest ornament—may be made up for by an excess of what is called good heartedness.

Now Mistress Gwyn had a good heart, an open disposition, a generous soul (except when some one else made a success in one of her pet rôles). To show how kind she was, it is only necessary to go over the list of her regular gallants. There were Hart and Lacey, the players; Lord Bucklehurst, Lord Dorset, and another whose name I have forgotten, besides the King. At the period of this play, she had been detected in an intrigue with Lord Dorset, who was attached to the King's person. Then again, the King was terribly in love with la belle Stewart, and to prove it, he sent away all the Gwyns, and the Davises, and the "joyous train of singers and dancers in his Majesty's theatre." "He discarded," says Grammont, "without any exception, all the other mistresses which he had in various parts of the town." Even this does not seem to have touched the fair Stewart, who, after tormenting old Rowley almost to death, married the Duke of Richmond.

The King went back to Mistress Gwyn, who made him pay roundly for placing her on the retired list. She could afford to be good to the poor. Her house was a freehold, her current expenses were borne out of the privy purse, and in addition, she got out of the King as much as sixty thousand pounds in one year. That sixty thousand pounds would account up in Wall street, to-day, at least half a million of dollars.

The only thing that can be said in Nelly's favor, is that she was not vindictive like the Duchess of Portsmouth, nor a scold like her fellow-player, Moll Davis. She was witty after the coarse fashion of her day, and (invaluable quality in woman), generally in a good humor.

In fact, Mistress Gwyn was superior to her class, she was born a courtesan, while the ladies of quality, her rivals, took up the trade en amateur.

I gave last week the reason why Reade wrote this play, probably the worst thing he ever did. I can admire a wicked, witty thing, though I think that it is better to be good than to be bad, other things being equal. But the tendency of this play would be very bad if it was not so exceedingly slow and so dreadfully long that everybody gets tired to death before it is over, and it leaves no impression except one of extreme weariness.

As for the actresses who have so chivalrously taken Laura Keene's Theatre "for the Summer Season," I cannot help thinking they have been a little spoiled by their travels in savage lands. I remember the Misses Gougenheim playing in the farces at the Broadway Theatre, and they were pleasant actresses enough in those days.

But these days are not those. The standard of metropolitan excellence advances every year.

Actresses, on the contrary, do not improve by age The vintage of ten years ago, if not very well corked, loses its flavor. "Joey," I am sorry to say it, "Joey" was younger once than she is now. "Joey," too, was more natural, more jolly, more soubrettish. "Joey" is now affected, her laugh seems forced, not to say hysterical, and she shakes her curls more than ever.

"Joey" ought to remember the difference between Grass Valley and New York.

Her sister is about the same—a calm, quiet, correct actress, who frequently has a narrow escape from being elegant.

The others are not worth talking about, if we except C. Wheatleigh and Mr. Daly. The manners of the Restoration were very faintly imitated; it was more like the Bowery than Hampton Court.

Theatre Francais.

They have been doing Murger's play, *La Vie de Bohème*, here, but the French traders couldn't see it. They haven't the faintest idea of what a Bohemian is, and can't imagine that a man may be as jolly with one franc as with one million. The play therefore was not successful, although very well acted. Laba and Edgard were particularly good.

The theatre will be closed till the 14th, when Mr. Sage will have a benefit. La Vie de Bohème will be repeated.

La Comtesse de Ferussac.

Room for another coronet in the coulisses! The Countess will sing in the Puritani next Tuesday, not for the Italians, as A. M. wrote you last week (the dear child has a wonderful contempt for facts of all kinds), but for the Woman's Hospital. If the Countess succeeds, she intends to remain on the stage.

The Japonica world will come out strong. Anna Maria is in such a state of excitement about it that Carnochan thinks of shaving her head and frappéing it like champagne.

La Comtesse de Ferussac was Miss Thorn, and that's the reason why society is stirred up about it.

La Comtesse de Ferussac has my permission to go ahead.

But she would do well to keep a look-out for the Sunday papers.

A nod, etc., to a blind horse, etc., etc.

Mr. Wallack Orates.

The Veteran took an affectionate farewell of his adherents on Monday. They came out strong for the benefit of Prince John. The Prince made the first speech, and then Mr. Wallack addressed the audience. The speeches were pretty nearly all about the Wallacks, and what remained after that subject was exhausted, was about Moss, the treasurer, who seems to have been engrafted on the house.

However, Mr. Wallack has had a good season, and I hope he'll live to enjoy many more of them. He is a splendid old fellow, and, as they say in the West, long may he wave.

The New Prima Donna.

As I said last week, Cortesi has made everybody hear of her. In the Poliuto she was magnificent, and that is all I can say. She was so good as to seriously affect Brignoli's composure, and to "worry" all the other prima ladies awfully. Her success in Havana, where they appreciate good things in the artistic way, will be something immense. I should write more about her, but I am going out in the country, which is a great deal better than writing for newspapers. Ask the piquant editress of the Sunday *Atlas* if it isn't.

PERSONNE.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

Maps and Plans of Italy, The National Airs of Italy, The Vicissitudes of Italy since the Congress of Vienna, The Rifle, Manning the Navy, England and her Soldiers, The War, etc., are already showing conspicuously in Publishers' lists, indicating a change in the usual literature of May and June; notwithstanding, our list of new books includes a few of considerable general interest; the following will be found a summary of the principal:—

In *Literature, Science, and Art.*—Henry Constable's Critical and Theological Essays; Nicholls' Grammar of the Samaritan Language; the First Volume of Caspari's Grammer of the Arabic, by Wright; the First Part of Tymms' Art of Illuminating—to be completed in twelve parts; Dresser's Structural and Physiological Botany: and in Entomology, The British Tortrices, by S. J. Wilkinson, with plates.

In *Travel, Geography, and Adventure.*—Dendy's Wild Hebrides; Harcourt's Sporting in Algeria; Bevan and Nicolay's Manual of Descriptive Geography; A Panorama of the New World, by Kinahan Cornwallis, the recent traveller to Japan; The Jews in the East; translated from the German of Frankl, by the Rev. P. Beaton, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces; The Romance of the Ranks, or Anecdotes and Social incidents of Military Life, by Quarter-master Connolly.

In *History and Biography.*—The Third and Fourth Volumes of the Wellington Indian Despatches; the Eighth and concluding Volume of Sir A. Alison's History of Europe, 1815 to 1852; the First Part of a Political Biography of Louis Napoleon; a Second Edition of the Cornwallis Correspondence, in 3 vols.; the First Volume of Dr. Bunting's life, by his Son; The Memoirs of James Wilson, a distinguished Naturalist (brother of *Christopher North*), by Dr. Hamilton; The Life of Alexander Wilson, the great Ornithologist, by Miss Brightwell, Author of a Life of Mrs. Opie; Woman of Worth, a Book for Girls.

In *Medical Science.*—A Third Edition of Henry T. Chapman on Treatment of Ulcers; Fraser on Penetrating Wounds of the Chest; Wardrop on Diseases of the Heart, a new edition; Henderson's Treatment of Diseases by Water.

In *Fiction.*—Newton Dogvane, in 3 vols.; Georgie Barrington, in 3 vols.; The Campbells, in 3 vols.; Alice Littleton, a Tale, in 1 vol.; a Third Edition of Adam Bede; a Second Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's Round the Sofa; Romantic Tales, a collection of Miss Mulock's.

A new illustrated work by Leech is announced, entitled a Little Tour in Ireland, by an Oxonian; a Biography of Charles Kean is in the press of Messrs. Saunders and Otley; and the publication of a Memoir of Sheridan and his Times is announced by Mr. Hope as postponed for a time.

A new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress is announced, in fcp. 4to., by Messrs. Longman & Co., with 44 steel etchings and 80 wood engravings, from designs by Charles Bennett, with a Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper is announced on National Rifle Clubs, but whether in prose or poetry it saith not. The letter T., meantime, is appended to a patriotic poet's cry to Riflemen, in the *Times* of Wednesday last, which critics, curiously enough, hesitate whether to ascribe to Tennyson or Tupper, and consequently suspend criticism. It is sufficiently good, however, to have elicited already two capital parodies, and there is little doubt but that the original is from the Laureate's pen, pointed and timed for the Government proclamation.

Mr. Bentley publishes, very opportunely, the First Volume of a reissue of James's Naval History, with a Portrait of Nelson; and Messrs. Routledge equally well-time an announcement of the Navies of the World, by Hans Bush, author of The Rifle and How to Use it.

The mournful yet eventful Story of Cawnpore is announced for publication by Mr. Bentley, told by Capt. Moubray Thomson, one, it will be remembered, of the only two survivors of the deplorable massacre.—*London Publisher's Circular, May 16th*, 1859.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending June 11, 1859.

The Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register. Edited by J. Smith Homans. June 1859. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr.

Anne of Geierstein. A Novel. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Hearthstone. A Magazine Devoted to Domestic Economy and the Welfare of Woman. Vol. I., No. 6. June 1859. New York: Woods & Co.

The Historical Magazine and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. III., No. 6. June 1859. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson.

Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming. By Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo., pp. 420. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

New Star Papers; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo., pp. 403. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

The Greek Testament. With a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By Henry Alford, B.D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In four volumes. Vol. I. containing the four Gospels, 8vo., pp. 835. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

Hints Toward Physical Perfection; or, The Philosophy of Human Beauty—showing how to acquire and retain Bodily Symmetry, Health, and Vigor, secure Long Life and avoid the Infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. Jaques. 12mo., pp. 244. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1859.

A Memoir of Captain W. T. Bate, R.N. By the Rev. John Baillie, Gonv. and Caius's College, Cambridge, author of the "Life of Adelaide L. Newton," "Memoirs of Hewitson," "Life Studies," "St. Augustine," "Missionary of Kilmany," etc. 12mo., pp. 278. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Best Things. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life." 12mo., pp. 293. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Notes, Critical and Explanatory, on the Acts of the Apostles. By Melancthon W. Jacobus, Professor of Biblical Literature, etc., in the Western Theological Seminary, at Allegheny City, Pa. 12mo., pp. 430. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The House. A Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture, or how to Build Country Houses and Out-Buildings; embracing the origin and meaning of the house; the art of house building, including planning, style, and construction; designs and descriptions of cottages, farm houses, villas, and out-buildings, of various cost, and in the different styles of Architecture, etc., etc.; and an Appendix, containing recipes for paints and washes, stucco, rough-cast, etc.; and instructions for roofing building with rough stone, unburnt brick, balloon frames, and concrete or gravel wall, with numerous original plans, designed by F. E. Graef, Architect, and others. By the author of "The Garden," "The Farm," etc. 12mo., pp. 176. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1859.

The Cavalier. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Richelieu," "Lord Montagu's Page," etc. 12mo., pp. 391. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

Country Life: a Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. Morris Copeland. 12mo., pp. 813. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Translated from the French of Rev. F. Gautrelet, S.J. To which are added Morning and Evening Prayers, etc. Dedicated to the Pupils of the Sacred Heart, S. S. C. T. M. 18mo., pp. 263. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. 1859.

The American Journal of Photography and the Allied Arts and Sciences. Charles A. Seeley, A.M., Editor. New Series, Vol. I., 1858-9. New York: Seeley & Garbanati.

Seacliff; or, The Mystery of the Westervelts. By J. W. De Forest, author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "European Acquaintance," etc., etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1859.

Sketch Book of Popular Geology; a Series of Lectures read before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. With Descriptive Sketches from a Geologist's Portfolio. By Hugh Miller. With an Introductory Résumé of the Progress of Geological Science within the last two years. By Mrs. Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The First Records of Anglo-American Colonization: Their History. By John Wingate Thornton. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The Harvest of Love. A Story for the Home Circle. By Minnie S. Davis, author of "Marion Lester." Boston: A. Tompkins. 1859.

— Messrs. Harper & Brothers' new descriptive Catalogue includes more than two thousand volumes, comprising a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English literature, which are offered, in most instances, at less than one-half the price of similar productions in England. It may be obtained gratuitously on application to the publishers personally, or by letter inclosing six cents in postage stamps.

Art Items.

— The exhibition of the Academy of Design will close on or about the first of July.

— The President has appointed the following gentlemen to serve as the Commission on Art for the supervision of works of Art for the Capitol extension: Messrs. Henry K. Brown, of Washington, James R. Lambdin, of Philadelphia, and John F. Kensett, of New York; a selection that appears to meet with universal approval.

— Mr. I. T. Hart, the American Sculptor, now in Rome, is about completing his statue of Clay, which will be sent to New Orleans in course of the year, and inaugurated on the 12th day of April next, the anniversary of the great Statesman's birthday.

— The erection of the Pilgrim monument at Plymouth has been commenced, and the cornerstone is already cut at the yard in Quincy, and will be laid on the 1st of August.

— Leutze, the artist, has brought to this city his full-length portrait of Hon. William H. Seward. The Senator is represented as seated at his desk in the Senate chamber. The *Crayon* says: "The figure presents an animated, dignified aspect; the likeness is satisfactory, and, what is better, the character is fully expressed and truthful. When exposed for study, this picture will, besides other merits, serve to show the controlling power of taste in the employment of accessories. All the objects, the chair, the desk, the walls, are designed and painted with the utmost care, and yet are not in any respect obtrusive. The eye goes at once to the head, where it should go, and rests there, without being irritated by paint, timber, or carpets. The picture belongs to Marshall O. Roberts, Esq. We understand that Mr. Leutze is about to make Baltimore his place of residence, where he has received two or three noble commissions."

— We recommend Mr. Ruskin's book, "The Two Paths"—intended to point out the true path to be pursued in decoration, and the wrong path which too many follow—to the committee on the decoration of the Capitol at Washington.

— Humphrey's Journal of the Daguerreotype and Photographic Arts, established A. D. 1850, the oldest periodical of the kind in the world, is published semi-monthly, and contains 384 pages per annum of valuable photographic information.

— The New York *Tribune* says [we quote verbatim], "The wounds of Mr. H. K. Brown, the sculptor, of whose accident we made mention lately, were, at last accounts, healing most kindly, and, since the adjustment of the fractured shoulder-blade, he is greatly relieved; in fact, he is progressing to recovery beyond the most sanguine anticipations."

— The celebrated Campana Museum has become the property of the Pope, through the ingenuity of Cardinal Antonelli, who extorted from the Marquis Campana, in a prison, a sale of his museum. The deed was signed by two gendarmes, as witnesses. After the Marquis had affixed his signature to it, which he did in the certainty that a refusal would keep him for life in the dungeons of which he had had eighteen months' horrible experience, he was compelled to part with the accumulated treasures for less than £200,000, the sum in which he stood indebted to the Government on account of the Mont de Piété. The museum alone has been valued by competent persons as possessing a positive trade market value of £300,000.

— A letter from Cairo says: The general subject of conversation in this city is a discovery which has just been made by the well-known archæologist, M. Mariette. He has found, at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb still intact of Pharaoh Amosis. The king is lying in a coffin, completely covered with gold-leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the king, as was also a hatchet of gold, ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli. Some years ago, M. Mariette had a similar piece of good fortune, in finding in the tomb of Apis the jewels which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre.

— A design for the monument to commemorate the battle of Lake Erie has been prepared by Tom Jones, the Ohio sculptor, and accepted. It is thus described by the Columbus *Journal:*

The base is about thirty feet square, from which rises a square block, having the entrance to the column, and supporting a panel on which will be cut in bas relief that most glorious event in the history of Perry, when he quitted the dismantled *Lawrence*, and with the battle-flag upon his shoulder, passed in a small boat, through the raking fire of the enemy, to another ship. The next important feature of the monument will be the broadside of a man-of-war, with its portholes and cannon protruding; and above this will rise in majestic proportions the lofty column, representing the sturdy mast of a vessel, the top surrounded with sea shells, among which, as in water, is placed the cap of the monument, formed with the prows of four noble ships of the line. This will be the striking feature of the monument—the bold prows, with their cutwaters and figureheads, making the corners of a masterly Corinthian capital. From the centre of the capital will rise the crown—a ship's capstan, and worked out to the life; and upon the whole stands a statue of the noble Perry, fifteen feet high. The small island on which the monument will be placed is three hundred feet broad, and twelve hundred feet long, shaped like a coffin; and at equal distances from the sides and upper end is the highest point, rising forty feet above the water, solid rock. The monument will be one hundred and sixty feet high, which, with the forty of the island, gives an altitude of two hundred feet.

— At a recent sale in London, the well-known "Death of Nelson," by B. West, P.R.A., the property of Mr. G. H. Bengough, of Plymouth, was sold for £185; and another belonging to the same gentleman—a grand landscape—by J. Both, sold for £273. The sale comprised also the collection of pictures belonging to Mr. H. Houghton, among which were the following: "The Holy Family," a grand gallery picture by Rubens, from the Duke of Newcastle's collection; it was sold for £90 6s. A portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, sold for £77 14s.; a sea piece, with vessels, by Van de Velde, for £57 15s.; and a portrait of Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke, for £68 5s. A noble colossal bust of Napoleon, by Canova, from the Earl of Oxford's collection at Wolterton, was sold for £40.

Advertisements.

N. B.—No arrangement of any kind can be made for editorial notices of articles advertised in THE SATURDAY PRESS. Such notices may appear, but they will, in all cases, be purely voluntary, and will be favorable or unfavorable, according to the opinion of the Editor, who recognizes no relation whatever between the editorial and the business departments of the paper. This notice becomes necessary from the fact that respectable houses are constantly sending us elaborately prepared puffs, which they expect us to insert—according to the custom of other journals—as expressing the views of the Editor.

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Extraordinary performance, TUESDAY, JUNE 14, for the benefit of the

Women's Hospital Association.

The public are respectfully informed that

Madame La Comtesse de FERUSSAC

will make her first and only appearance in a grand opera performance for the benefit of

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION.

The benefit will be under the special patronage of

Mrs. David Codwise,
Mrs. Wm. B. Astor,
Mrs. Robert B. Minturn,
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Mrs. Elisha Peck,
Mrs. Dr. A. H. Stevens,
Mrs. Dr. H. Webster,
Mrs. Alfred Willis,
Mrs. Wm. H. Aspinwall.

The opera selected for the occasion is

I PURITANI,

with the following extraordinary cast:

Elvira,	Madame la Comtesse de Ferussac.
Antonio,	Signor Brignoli.
Riccardo,	Signor Amodio.
Giorgio,	Signor Junca.
The Gouverneur,	Signor Barili.

The price of admission on this occasion has been fixed at the following scale:

Private boxes (According to the number of places they contain.)	$5, $10, $15, $20.
Secured seats	$2
Price of admission	$1

The sale of Boxes and reserved seats commence to-day at all the usual Ticket Offices.

The free list on this occasion, with the exception of the public press, will be entirely suspended.

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For the New York Saturday Press.

THE LITTLE QUEEN.

BY A. PERRY MILLER.

In a vast and wondrous kingdom, in a rich and mystic clime,
Gemmed with gold and hung with purple, once a palace stood sublime;
Built by Architect immortal, bright it stood and richly pearled,
Spangled with the jewels gathered through the ages of the world.

Loud the monarch of the palace laughed, and sung, and danced for joy,
For the sky, and earth, and life, were gold unmixed with care's alloy.
Gay and beautiful it stood for years, like Spring, in light and bloom.
But a change came on, like Winter, wrapping all the place in gloom.
Cold and dark and drear the chambers were, and with a ghostly tread,
Melancholy, grim and ghastly, like a vision from the dead,
Walked about them: and the monarch grew, and sighed and wept and prayed,
Struggling fiercely in his wretchedness to pierce the dismal shade—
Daily, nightly, all in vain he strove to drive the phantom out,
Still, with dark-ringed eyes, and lurid stare, a ghoul it moved about.
Changed the monarch was in soul and look, the splendid world grew dim,
Breezy morns and moonlight nights were sweet, but brought no joy to him.
Yearnings deep—for what he knew not—broke forever on his rest,
With strange smiles that made him start, and sighs that nourished in his breast,
Out he looked upon the gay, green fields, the mountains blue and vast,
Scenes that pleased no more, but pained, for they were lovely in the past.
Laughing, lab'ring, and rejoicing, still the busy world went on,
Sick at soul, and wond'ring how it could, he wept—*his* joy was gone.

On a flow'ry, sunny morning, when the earth was bloom and sheen,
Knocking at the palace portal, stood a radiant Little Queen—
Stood a bright, resistless beauty, in the upper kingdom born,
Like the sunbeams was her hair, her robe the golden clouds of morn,
Blue her strange, seraphic eyes were, like the mountains far away,
Like the sky, whose temp'ring azures, soothes the fierceness of the day—
Pure and witching as the sky when night—some night in brilliant hue—
Opes to view a million million stars, or round and crystal moon;
Like the sky they were in power, when the great sun speeds his race,
And the noon, with burning hands, unveils the glories of his face;
Large and lustrous, deep and tender, stars that shed celestial light,
What a sweet, unearthly blending of the dreamy and the bright!
Downward from above the summit of the universe she came,
From her dwelling up above the stars, an empyrean flame;
Child of Jove, supernal beauty beaming out in every part—
Child that sprang not from His mighty brain, but from His boundless heart.
Smiling, looking things ineffable, she waited at the door,
One of those mysterious forms, that seen, will haunt us evermore.
Half unwilling, half in fear, the monarch oped the portal bright,
And the little empress entered, like a moon into the night.
What a change was felt! the darkness fled from chamber and from hall—
What a thrilling, sweet, celestial change came stealing over all!
As when—ere the morning twilight hangs its veil 'twixt night and day,—
Darkness sits upon the landscape, and the mountains vague and gray;
Soon the East, with orient roses scattered thick, begins to flush,
Backward to the Western mountains now the sky is one vast blush;
Beamy fingers, reaching upward, touch and turn the clouds to gold,
See how pure and rich the sky is! surely heaven is unrolled!
Lo! a world of liquid fire, just above the mountain's crown,
Heaves its sparkling verge, and dazzling floods of light come streaming down;
Bright the silv'ry landscape glitters, putting regal gems to shame,
And a thousand burnished windows glow, each like a furnace flame;
Morning summons sleeping nature, every living thing obeys,
All is life, and light, and beauty, and the heart bursts out in praise.
Lo! before the Little Queen the gloom that wrapped the palace fled,
Lo! the spangled mansion glittered, flamed with purple, gold, and red,
Lo! the monarch saw the blissful day rise on the castle's night,
And his soul in raptured praise burst out and leaped into the light!
Glory streamed from glowing brilliants on the ceilings and the walls,
Bright-eyed, laughing Joy went dancing through the chambers and the halls,
Melancholy fled—no more was seen that baneful, dismal eye,
And the Little Queen sat on the throne like morning on the sky.

Now again the monarch laughed and sung—yes, wept for utter joy,
Life's romantic hue returned as rich as when he danced, a boy;
Sweet the breezes, birds, and flowers were, the fairy earth and sky
Were bright, as to the blissful pair, ere Eden knew a sigh.
Catching glimpses of the angel-home, he roved at eve and morn;
Boundless was the smile on Nature's face, the veil of gloom was torn.
There the mountains stretched across the world an everlasting wall,
There the velvet fields and forests lay a heavenly look on all,
There away, away forever spread the sky of tender hue,
Like a vast inverted ocean, boundless, beautiful, and blue.

"God, I thank thee," said the monarch, for my life, Thy boon divine—
"God I bless thee for this life of life, so near, so like to Thine."

LOVE was the Little Queen that came, the beautiful, the bright,
And the Palace was the HUMAN HEART that sparkled in its light.

New York, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM—V.

Physical Manifestations.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR,—I now proceed to consider the manifestations of this character which are addressed to the senses of hearing and seeing; and I must of necessity be brief and general.

1. *Hearing*. It was to this sense that the first manifestations which I witnessed were addressed. I was then so situated that the thought uppermost in my mind was in regard to the dead, "Shall we ever meet again?" I am bound to confess that all I have heard of religious teachings for some fifty years had engendered in me doubts if there was a future beyond the grave. It was not my fault that this was so. I did not want to be an infidel, but they who were my theological teachers were so full of absurdities and contradictions that, in spite of myself, I could not believe. The future they taught was revolting alike to my judgment and my instincts, and, unable to conceive of any other, I was led to doubt whether there was any; yet the idea of an eternal separation from the departed was exquisitely painful to me.

It was in this mood of mind, and while I was searching for the truth on this topic, that one evening when alone in my library, a voice spoke to me in tones, which I feared had been silent forever, and answered the question, Shall we meet again?

The voice was soft and gentle, but distinctly audible, and oh! how familiar to my ear!

I was startled, and of course the first thought was, What a hallucination! I could not conceive it to be anything else. Yet as I knew whether I could hear or not, I could not get rid of the idea that it was a reality. I never dreamed then of such a thing as the spirit of the dead's being able thus to speak, and for several weeks I debated the matter in my mind, trying to convince myself of the falsity of what I was obliged to know was a fact.

Then it was I heard the "Rochester knockings," at a *séance* or interview, lasting only ten or fifteen minutes, but crowded full of interest. In that interval it appeared that the sounds were not made by mortals, but by some unknown power that was intelligent enough to spell and to write, to hold a conversation, to read thoughts and answer questions not uttered, to know what minute I was making of the occasion, to display the characteristics of the person professing to be present, and to show emotions of joy and affection.

Here was enough to awaken my curiosity, and I entered upon a course of investigation. For several months I heard the sounds in a great variety of forms.

I heard them on a railroad car while travelling; on the floor in an eating-house by the wayside; on the ground, when standing outside the car; on a door high above our reach; on a floor, following two or three feet behind the medium when walking; alone in my bedroom, in different places; on a door standing open, so that both sides of it could be seen; on a window and a looking-glass; on my person, and that of others; on the chords of a piano; on the strings of a violin; besides the oft-repeated displays on the floor and the table. I have known the sounds made with the hand, a hair-brush, a fiddle-bow, and a chair; and I have heard them imitate the whistling of the wind, the creaking of a ship laboring in a heavy sea, sawing and planing boards, the falling of sods on a coffin, the sound of an æolian harp, of soft and distant music, and once a scream as of persons in agony.

And in all these forms conveying intelligence, not merely that of the peculiar sounds made, but spelling out words and sentences, letter by letter.

This spelling out words was done by some one calling over the alphabet, and the sounds being made at the proper letter, with certain sounds to designate an idea. To facilitate the work, this unseen intelligence devised a set of signals, by the aid of which my earlier conversations with them were had.

I annex hereto their scheme, premising that each dot in it stands for a sound, and made more or less heavy, or more or less near to each other as indicated by the size or position of the dots:

—No.
. .—End of a word.
. .—Colon.
. . .—End of a sentence.
. . .—Semi colon.
. . —Yes.
. !—, !—, !—Emphasis.
. . . —Comma.
. . . . —Done.
. — . — . —We.
. — . —You.
. — . — . —And.
5—Alphabet.
6—Qualification.
7—Disapprobation.
8—Sit close.
Succession of raps—Go back.

It has been supposed by many that the sounds were such as mortals could not make. So far as my experience goes, this is a mistake, for I have never heard one that I could not imitate, and I have known that mediums, failing to get the sounds, would make them. But the fact was clearly demonstrated, that most frequently they were not made by mortals, nor merely fortuitous, but by an intelligence which had will and purpose, and could express them, and which, when asked who and what are you who do this? could answer to the satisfaction of any rational mind, and establish identity.

2. *Seeing*. It was not long after the mode of communicating by raps had been discovered, that table tippings came into vogue. I do not know where or how they originated. They seem to have grown up from circumstances. Half a dozen persons sitting around a table with their hands upon it, was the method most commonly used to obtain the rappings or any other physical manifestations. Moving the table was often one of these, and it was soon found to be even easier to do that than to make the sounds, and signals were concerted in like manner, whereby different motions of the table were used to convey ideas. Thus, as with the rappings, words were spelled out. Some one would call the alphabet, and the table would give the concerted signal at the proper letter.

In Spain a different mode of using the table was devised. The alphabet was reduced to 24 letters, and each letter was numbered. The corners of the table were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and the corners would move to indicate the letter. Thus, if corners No. 1 and 4 were moved, it was their fifth letter, and so on.

In this simple manner, though awkward and tedious, did the intercourse begin with hundreds and thousands of people, who thus learned the great truths which it teaches. It was our primary school, and we began with our alphabet.

There were embarrassments about it. Sometimes, when the spirit had not learned to read, it could not spell out words. Sometimes, when its education had been poor, it would spell wrong; and, sometimes, when unacquainted with our language, it could not frame a sentence in English.

Still, this mode of communication was used, and became the most common of all.

The sense of seeing was appealed to mostly in the moving of ponderable matter, and it was not always for the purpose of spelling out words. Occasionally, it was chiefly with the view of showing the presence of the power.

I have seen a chair run across a room, backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen tables rise from the floor, and suspended in the air. I have seen them move when not touched. I have known a small bell fly around the room over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head, and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able-bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well vouched for, of a young man carried through the air, several feet from the floor, through a suite of parlors. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air and fall at the place designed for them, and sometimes so rapidly that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was that the object had changed its location.

This is a very meagre account of what only I have witnessed, aside from the countless incidents witnessed by others in different parts of the world. But here is enough to show that these manifestations were not made by mortals, but by a power which had all the attributes of the human mind and heart. To repeat a remark I have more than once made, here was an intelligence that could read and write and cipher, divine our secret thoughts, and speak in many languages. Whence came it? Not from electricity or magnetism, as said by many, for intelligence is no attribute of theirs. Not from mortal action, for here was inanimate matter moving without mortal contact, and sounds made without human intervention. Whence then but from that source which appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, which opened the prison-door to Peter, and which caught up Philip that the eunuch saw him no more?

But, be it what it may—a delusion, deception, or satanic—from this much contemned source, the physical manifestations, alone come the proof of intercourse with the spirits—the answer to the question, Shall we meet again? and the demonstration of man's immortality.

Yet, this is but the beginning. There are higher and holier truths than even these, that are revealed to us, and other means that are used far more important and effective, and to them I shall next address myself.

J. W. EDMONDS.

May 23, 1859.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the regular monthly meeting of the New York Historical Society, held last Wednesday evening, the Hon. George Bancroft read an elaborate and somewhat doctrinal paper on Jonathan Edwards. After Mr. Bancroft had retired from the stand, the Hon. George Folsom said that however much gratified he might be by the elaborate paper just read, he could not consider the subject appropriate for the occasion. At one time, he thought he was in some tabernacle or theological seminary. Genius and talent could embellish any subject, but what historical character that subject possessed to engross the attention of the Society, he could not divine. Moreover, Edwards's doctrines were such that the people of his own Northampton could not endure him. Mr. Bancroft here interrupted Mr. Folsom, and said that the same people who dismissed, after having sent him away, [illegible] and repented it from that day to this. Whereupon the audience applauded very enthusiastically, and Mr. Bancroft took his seat, radiant and contented. Nevertheless, Mr. Folsom was evidently in the right, since Dr. Edwards and his notions were hardly a fit subject for the occasion, and the paper about them was written, not for the learned body before which it was read, but for Appletons' New American Cyclopædia, to which it will doubtless prove a valuable theological contribution.

APOLOGY.

Your coming in last night, my love,
  Was something sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbons of her rigolette;
  She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden Northern lights
  Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
  Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A very pretty woman—very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
  (You bear a queen's name and a queen you are),
With which you donned your ribbed opera cloak,
  And clasped it with a diamond like a star.
'Twas charming in my mistress, but, my life
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
  I would not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes, or home hurricanes,
  Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunderstorm
  Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
  Your March and April, now be June again;
And let your fine cut eyebrows' silken span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
  (You'll spoil that rose bud if you twist it so!)
Give me both hands that I may say "good Bess,
  The good Queen Bess," and kiss you ere I go—
The good Queen Bess, whose heart and mind and face
Teach me to love *all* women—as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty Cousin Nell,
  I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
  But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you.

GENERAL HAVELOCK.

The *N. Y. Tribune*, in a notice of Headley's "Life of General Havelock," gives the following concise and felicitous description of his character:

The character of Gen. Havelock was made up of singular contrasts. He combined the devoutness of the monk with the gallantry of the warrior. He was more at home in the prayer-meeting, than anywhere else, except the battle-field. His chief pleasure was in acts of devotion and feats of arms. As in the case of the celebrated Col. Gardiner, he had an equal taste for praying and fighting. His piety was never in the way of his duty as a soldier; his military enthusiasm never interfered with his zeal as a Christian. Without the stern and bloody-minded fanaticism of Cromwell and his fierce Puritans, he combined the religious tenderness of a saint, with the dauntless valor of a British general. His domestic affections were strong and ardent. He was a fond husband, a devoted father, and a faithful friend. Yet he could walk over the crimsoned field, on the morning after a victory, without the appearance of an emotion at the sight of the dying and the dead. He never shrank from blood, even if he had no innate love for it. His letters evince no remarkable powers of intellect. His tastes were limited to a narrow range. He had the prudence, the courage, and, perhaps, the sagacity of Wellington, but without his exuberance of vitality, and his deep stamp of individualism. His character, on the whole, though not one that allures the imagination by lofty or poetic traits, forms a study of no common interest. He did not embody the ideal of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," but was certainly a model of a brave, disinterested, and faithful soldier.

—At a late meeting of the Chemical Society, in London, Dr. H. Debus read a paper on the Polyatomic alcohols, in which he defined an alcohol to be a neutral compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, capable of uniting with acids to form neutral bodies by the elimination of water. In illustration of his views, the author referred principally to the compounds of glycol, glycerine, and mannitane.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 11, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Harvest of Love: A Story for the Home Circle. By Minnie S. Davis. 75cts. Boston: Abel Tompkins.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

The Broad Church. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. Being No. 2 of "The Broad Church Pulpit." 10cts. New York: O. Hutchinson.

New Star Papers; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo. $1,25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

Aguecheek: Essays, and Letters of Foreign Travel. Boston: Shephard, Clark & Brown.

POETRY.

Poems of Edgar Allen Poe; with a Memoir, and a Portrait engraved on Steel by Halpin. 1 vol. 32mo. In the Blue and Gold style. 75cts. New York: J. S. Redfield.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Martyrs and the Fugitive. By Rev. S. H. Platt, author of "The Gift of Power," "Christ and Adornments," etc. New York: R. Goodenough.

Latin Lessons and Tables. By Cyrus S. Richards, A.M., Principal of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The Game of Draughts or Checkers Simplified and Explained; with Practical Diagrams and Illustrations, together with a Checker-board, numbered and printed in red. Containing the Eighteen Standard Games, with over 200 of the best variations, selected from the various authors, together with many original ones never before published. By D. Scattergood. Bound in cloth with flexible cover. 38cts. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Autobiography of a Latin Reader. By Samuel Syntax, Esq. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming. By Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo. $1,25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Ladies' Handbook of Fancy and Ornamental Work, comprising Directions and Patterns for working in Appliqué, Bead-work, Braiding, Canvas-work, Knitting, Netting, Tatting, Worsted-work, Quilting, Patch-work, etc. Illustrated with 268 Engravings. Compiled from the best authorities, by Miss Florence Hartley. $1. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

A New Method of Computing Interest and of Averaging Accounts. By J. W. Westhon. 1 vol. 16mo. 50 cts. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

The Young Housekeeper's Friend. By Mrs. M. H. Cornelius. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

All About It; or, the History and Mystery of Common Things. 1 vol. 12mo. 390 pp. $1. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

Country Life. A Handbook of Horticulture, Agriculture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. Morris Copeland, Esq. 225 Illustrations. $2. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

Thoughts on Educational Topics and Institutions. By George S. Boutwell. 12mo. pp. 365. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

REPRINTS FROM THE ENGLISH, ETC

NOVELS, ETC.

Counterparts. By the author of "Charles Auchester." Cloth, $1. Cheap paper edition, 50 cents. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

RELIGIOUS.

Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Translated from the French of Rev. F. Gautrelet, of the Society of Jesus: to which are added, Morning and Evening Prayers, etc. Dedicated to the people of the Sacred Heart. 18mo. 38 cents. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.

The Greek Testament; with a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena, and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By Henry Alford, B.D., minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4 vols. Vol. I, containing the Four Gospels. 8vo. pp. 835. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Love. By M. Michelet, of the Faculty of Letters, Chief in the Historical Section of the National Archives, author of "a History of France," etc. Translated from the French by J. W. Palmer, M.D. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

ENGLISH.

HISTORICAL.

The Manners and Customs of the English Nation, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Present Time. By John Brookes. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. London: J. Blackwood.

The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV. By William James. New Edition, with Additions and Notes. 6 vols. vol. 1. 12mo. pp. 510, cloth, 5s. London: Bentley.

The Popular History of England; an Illustrated History of Society and Government from the Earliest Period to our Times. By Charles Knight. Vol. 5, from the Revolution of 1688 to the Accession of George I. 8vo. pp. 490, cloth, 9s. London: Bradbury.

The History of the Colony of Victoria, from its Settlement to the Death of Sir Charles Hotham. By the Hon. Thomas MacCombie. 8vo. cloth, 15s. London: Chapman & Hall.

ART.

Turner and his Works; Illustrated with Examples from his Pictures. By John Burnet. The Memoir by Peter Cunningham. Reëdited by Henry Murray. 4to. cloth, 12s. London: Hall.

Liber Studiorum: Illustrative of Landscape Compositions. By J. M. W. Turner. Folio, cloth, 21s. London: Day.

MEDICAL.

A Treatise upon Penetrating Wounds of the Chest. By Patrick Fraser. 8vo. pp. 140, cloth, 5s. London: J. Churchill.

Seventeen Years' Experience of the Treatment of Disease by means of Water. By Andrew Henderson. Post 8vo. pp. 430, cl. 7s. 6d. London: Renshaw.

POETRY.

Job: a Dramatic Poem. By Edward Henry Pember, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Author of "The Maid of Messene, and other Poems." Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth. London: Longman.

Songs and Poems. By the Rev. John Skinner. With a sketch of his Life by H. G. Reid. 12mo. pp. 132, cloth, 2s. London: Simpkin.

Shakespeare's Complete Works, revised by Barry Cornwall and R. H. Horne. Illustrated by Kenny Meadows. 3 vols. imperial 8vo. cloth, 42s. London Publishing Company.

Poems of the Fields and Town. By John Alfred Langford, author of "The Lamp of Life," etc. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare, rearranged, and divided into four parts. With an Introduction and Explanatory Notes. Post 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. London: John Russell Smith.

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